













# HISTORICAL AND HUMOROUS SKETCHES

OF THE

# Donkey, Horse and Bicycle.

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THE BICYCLE VIEWED FROM FOUR  
STANDPOINTS:

ANATOMICAL, PHYSIOLOGICAL, SOCIOLOGICAL,  
AND FINANCIALLY.

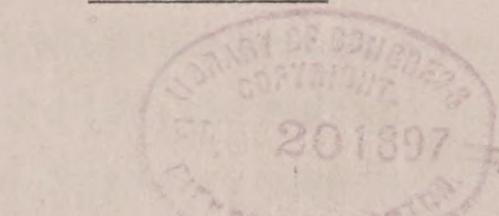
ALSO AN

## ALLEGORY ON THE BICYCLE ROAD TO HELL.

THE VEIL OF VICES STRIPPED.

WITH NUMEROUS ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES  
OF BYGONE DAYS.

By DR. C. E. NASH,  
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.



LITTLE ROCK, ARK.:  
PRESS OF TUNNAH & PITTARD,  
1896.

PZ3  
NASH

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## PREFACE.

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I have written this book without consulting anyone. Why I wrote it I cannot tell, but suppose I was writing something for the improvement of my readers. I had no motive to fame or fortune, no idea of thrashing my readers into my line of thought, or playing the mentor,—simply to give my own views on the leading questions of religion, science, morals and manners as I have found them. If I have used strong language, it is not because I wished to depart from the standard of polite literature, but to make myself understood by the average reader.

### CRITICS.

“Must I give way to your rash choler? Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?” Must I be afraid of the bicycle stare? In answer to critics, I would relate an anecdote told of some raftsmen who were floating a large raft of logs down the Mississippi river in early days.

'Tis this: A number of men being on the raft, in the month of September, when the mosquitoes were much thicker than the leaves of val-lambrosia, collecting in great numbers around the men's heads and arms. While they were fighting furiously for life, one man, more daring than the rest, said: "I will bet five dollars that I can get nude and stand the biting of the mosquitoes one hour, with my eyes shut, without moving a muscle, if you will keep off the 'gal-nipers.'" The bet was taken and the man complied with the conditions. He was about to win the bet, when the stakeholder struck the ashes from his cigar and touched it to his forehead. He jumped up and exclaimed, "Gal-nippers, by God!" and claimed the bet. If the critics will keep off the galnippers—"literary monstrosities"—I will take the bet that I can stand the mosquitoes—honest critics—at least one hour, if they will not knock the ashes off of the cigar.

We would not undertake to say but that some of the purest and best class of women are riding bicycles; some of the most cultured and refined ladies are indulging in what they consider a refining exercise. Their

endorsement has led to untold liberties, their sanction to immoralities of which they are ignorant. A sanction of an evil by the good gives double force to the evil. The motive for writing this book is to try to improve the morals and manners of those who stand in the way of good manners and right living, not by a progressive but a retrogressive movement. The woman who has a lawful child can say, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in filial love."

My critics may call it a crazy quilt if they desire, and I shall feel highly complimented, as this quilt, in days of yore, was the handsomest, the most artistic and most valuable of all quilts, it being made of the finest silk and satin remnants that could be procured. All colors, shapes and sizes of fabrics went into this quilt, and it was sewed together by the softest and nimblest fingers of the prettiest and sweetest of our old young ladies and mas, many of them selling at from three hundred to five hundred dollars. I know of one now that has been handed down to the third generation, and is as beautiful as when first made, retaining all of its colors without the shadow of change. Or they may call it Gen. Winfield Scott's "hasty plate of soup,"

if they so desire. I will not get angry at any epithets they may choose to use, as I am standing on the broken arches of life ready to stumble through at any time—72 years.

C. E. NASH.

## DONKEY.

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We will first introduce to your acquaintance the donkey, as modern literature styles him. Perhaps he may claim priority over the horse, as by some historians he is said to have been first known as a useful animal; other historians think the horse was known as early; but all historians agree that both were created at the



time all other things were made. With this simple introductory for the donkey, I will notice him historically.

Asinus, a well known quadruped, usually referred by naturalists to the same genus with the horse, but which it has recently been attempted to make the type of a

distinct genus (*asinus*), including all the solid hoofed quadrupeds, except the horse itself. The distinction is founded on the short hair of the upper part of the tail, and the tuft at the end of it, the darker stripes with which the color is marked, and the absence of the hard bony warts which are found on the hinder legs of the horse. The Mexican donkey has these warts, though not nearly so well developed as in the horse or Mexican mustang, although the fore legs exhibit warts in a similar position.

The long ears of the donkey are one of the characteristics of the species; but they are longer in domestication than in a wild state. It is usually also distinguished by a black cross over the shoulders, formed by a longitudinal and a transverse streak, the general color being grey; but when the color is darker or lighter than usual, the cross is often less apparent, or to be observed with difficulty. This obliteration of the color perhaps depends upon the climate, as it is more observable in animals bred in the hot climate. The grey color often fades into bay, black or brown. The facial line is arched.

Some uncertainty still exists as to the origin of the domestic donkey, a number of wild races having been described, some of which are perhaps, like the wild horses of America, the progeny of animals that have escaped from domestication. The probability however appears to be that the donkey is a native of Central Asia, where it is found in a perfectly wild state, in Tartary, Mesopotamia, Persia, on the banks of the Indus, and even to the southern extremity of Hindustan; but its range does not extend so far northward as that of the wild horse, a circumstance which may perhaps partly account for the inferiority of the domestic donkey in northern climates. This also may account for the larger size of these animals in the southern portion of the United States. They stand the hot tropical sun much better than the horse. Its better development is attributable to the rich esculent grasses and more liberal supply of fresh, pure water, in comparison to the salt water of its native country. The kiang, another species of donkey, resembles the horse more than any other, for it neighs, while the other brays. In the south we have

the braying kind, as will be testified further on. The harshness of the voice of the donkey is ascribed to two small peculiar cavities situated at the bottom of the larynx.

The allusion to the wild ass in the Old Testament, and particularly in Job 39:5-8, naturally excites the surprise of readers acquainted with the dull domestic drudge, the emblem of patience and stolidity; but to this day they are beautifully appropriate to the wild ass. Balaam's ass was one of these docile creatures, for he did not resent the injury inflicted upon him by his irate owner of the wilderness, which has the barren land or salt places for its dwelling, and the range of the mountain for its pasture. The wild ass has longer legs and carries its head higher than the domestic ass. Its troops have always a leader. It is a high spirited animal, very fleet and very wary, trying to the utmost the powers of the hunter. If the ass of this country is a descendant of the wild ass here spoken of, it has degenerated as much as man: for we are told that the inhabitants of the wilderness were stout, strong, tall men, and that

the Israelites were as grasshoppers compared to them.

From Judges 5:10 we learn that at a very early period the great were accustomed to ride upon a white ass, and a preference is given to them in the East to this day. It would seem that the ass is not to be despised, as he is of royal origin, being the first animal noticed by ancient writers. The Queen of Sheba rode upon a white ass to see King Solomon, but she rode upon a side saddle, though not constructed like ours of modern date; but in all pictures we have seen of females riding, they rode *side-wise*. This would be considered as much out of place nowadays as our old grandma's sun-bonnet. The obstinacy ascribed to the ass seems to be very generally the result of ill treatment, and proverbial as it has become for stupidity, it is probably quite equal in intelligence to the horse.

There are two hybrids between the ass and the horse. The mule, bred between the male ass and the mare, and the hinny, the offspring of the horse and the female ass. The hinny is oftener found in Mexico and Texas than any other portion of the United

States. It is a beautiful little animal, with ears short like the horse, and long tail and mane. The body is round, legs small and bony. In habits it partakes more of the ass than the horse, being slow and fond of rough diet. The mule is by far the best cross, as it partakes more of the habits of the horse, but less of the likeness. It is one of the most useful animals employed in the southern states. It grows to a good size, and is noted for its strength and action. It is used in preference to the horse on large cotton plantations, and is much healthier and longer lived. The hinny was found to be too slow for the white man, and the horse too fast for the negro. So the mule was invented for the negro, and he has been using him ever since, and claims that as the negro is freed so he should be, and let the two species of animals return to their own tribe. As the negro did not get his forty acres and a mule, the mule goes unpossessed by the negro, and is therefore free without a ballot.

The mule is a highly intelligent animal. So thought Dan Rice when he selected him to exhibit the tricks he had taught him. Dan appreciated the mule more than his brother wit,

Sam Jones, for Sam Jones said it had no right to be proud of its ancestry or its posterity. It would seem from what Mark Twain in his "Pudd'nhead Wilson" says of the ass, that he does not agree with Sam Jones, for he says: "The ass is the ideal of all that is industrious, patient and faithful. He has been much misunderstood, but he is resolute, determined, and vigorously resents an insult. Still, strangely enough, when we are compared to an ass, we are left in doubt."

#### HIS USEFULNESS IN COMMERCE.

The milk of the ass contains more sugar of milk and less *casein* than that of the cow, and therefore is recommended as a nutritious diet in cases of weak digestion. Its usefulness in cases of consumption has been long known, and it was often prescribed as a kind of specific when that disease was treated on principles very different from those which regulate its treatment now, and when very nutritious food was not usually prescribed to consumptive patients. The leather called *shagreen* is made from the skin of the ass, by a peculiar process, which also affords excellent leather for shoes,

and the best material for drums. You see he is a martial animal. He is also a musician, for his bones were used by the ancients for making flutes.

We will now bring the ass or donkey down to modern times, by relating a circumstance of how he contributed to the enjoyment of the boys of Little Rock.

Several years ago a large number of donkeys were shipped from Mexico to Arkansas, and as Little Rock is the capital of the state—larger sales could be made—many of them found their way into this city. Some of them were beautiful creatures of various colors—white, black, red—others of a mixed color called “circus horse,” or calico color. The distinguishing feature of these little animals was their white noses, long ears, thick chubby head, and long hair. A quality possessed by them in a high degree was slothfulness. Their hoofs were small, steep, and always black, the black hoof and white nose presenting quite a contrast. As before said there was a large number of them. Every boy in Little Rock who could raise five or ten dollars purchased one of them. Numbers of them could be seen stand-

ing before the saddlers' shops getting rigged out with beautiful little saddles and bridles. Every saddler had a broad grin on his face, for he was turning his cowhides rapidly into parisons for these animals at remunerative prices. He could go home at night and carry a good sized beefsteak, sufficient for all the family, night and morning, and it was paid for.

The donkeys thus equipped were ready for their riders. The boys mount, and expect the donkey to partake of their enthusiasm, and start off, if not "John Gilpin" like, at least horse like. The boy urges the brute to start, but he is not ready; the boy applies both heels vigorously at his sides, but this only makes him back his ears. The boy dismounts and goes into the shop and purchases a whip or cowhide. He mounts again and urges the brute to start. He refuses. The boy applies the lash, but to no purpose, for the more he tried to propel him forward, the faster he went backward. So he was unable to move him from the shop. The donkey feeling himself so handsomely arrayed did not care to exhibit himself on the street to be laughed at, and make a fool of himself, remembering that in

ancient days he was used only by kings and queens at their most brilliant entertainments. He had not learned that in Little Rock all men and women were kings and queens, and all boys were of royal birth. But the boy, nothing daunted, with the ingenuity of his mother, and the invention of his father, puts one boy in front, himself in the saddle, and two boys behind to whip. This was a little too much for the docile creature's patience to stand. He moves off slowly, but unwillingly. This pulling and whipping process had to be kept up until the boy reached home. If he got home before dinner or supper he was fortunate: you bet they all had a splendid appetite, nor did any of them complain for the want of exercise.

The donkey is now put in the stable, the first time he ever saw one, and given a feed of oats and bran. The food was so much better than the dry mesquite grass of his native heath, that he gives to his jaws a much quicker motion than he had given to his legs. The boys caught the idea at once, and concluded to carry food in front of him and apply the lash behind. The plan perfected, they start next morning to make a few hours travel and show off their

beautiful little animals to their grandmas, aunts and sweethearts ; but when they arrived at the first house, they were compelled to stay all day, for the donkey concluded he was invited to dine, so refused to return until after he had enjoyed his repast.

There is another peculiarity, known only to the rooster, and that is the habit of waking at a certain hour in the morning. The donkey wakes a short time before daylight, and with that peculiar sound known or practiced by no other creature in the universe, arouses all in the city. The one at the east end of the city commencing first, and with his loud, sonorous squeaking voice, proclaims that day is approaching. As the sound dies away his nearest neighbor takes it up, and so it passes from one to another, until all have had their bray—just as our political asses have before the primaries meet. One of these little animals fell into the hands of my neighbor's boy. It was amusing to see the boy going through the exercises above mentioned, and wife and I had many a laugh ; but when next morning came, and the baby was frightened out of its wits, and screamed as though it

would take a spasm, the joy was turned into grief, and the scream into mourning. The mother cries out: "She cannot stand that noise any longer. You must complain to Mr. D. and have that animal removed as a nuisance, and if he refuses, the police must be notified, and his removal compelled."

The request was made by the father, and on Mr. D.'s refusal to take any action in the matter, adding that the law of "Children obey your parents" had been changed so as to read, "Parents obey your children." If you had seen me trying to quiet that baby you would have thought so too. The next turn was to get hold of it through the police. The father goes to the police, and with tears in his eyes states his grievance. The chief says: "There is no ordinance for the arrest of such offenders, and none declaring it a nuisance. I am powerless to do anything for you." "Then I will apply to the board of health," said the father, "and say to them, 'If this nuisance is not abated every child in the city will become epileptic, and that would be worse than smallpox, and as they have the power to quarantine against this terrible disease, they

should have the same power to abate nuisances.' " The father, confident in his logic, applies to the president of the board, and receives this reply: "Donkeys have never been declared nuisances by any board of health; neither has their breath been declared infectious, nor their sound any more frightful than the thunder gust." He fails to get relief anywhere, and the boys continue to ride the donkeys, until weary and worn by the too great exercise of their hands and feet, they laid them aside or sold them to the negro boys in the suburbs of the city, who have more time and space for the amusement.

It will be seen by this description of the donkey that he was a useful animal in more ways than one. He furnished employment for the saddler, blacksmith and farmer, made it unnecessary to have gymnasiums or working houses for boys, or health resorts. He also took the place of the Roman Catholic bell, calling their people to early mass; and the boys needed no curfew bell to send them to sleep, they were worried enough when night came to keep off the street. The doctors sustained the greatest loss by these little health

producers: they had no fractured limbs to dress, nor dyspepsia to treat, no sculls to trephine, nor hemorrhage to staunch. The girls did not want to ride on the donkeys: they were too slow, or perhaps it was considered vulgar at that time for girls to ride astride, or maybe they were too sympathetic in their natures to apply the lash. Wouldn't it have been safer for them to have ridden the donkeys astride than the bycicle? Before dismissing the donkey, will relate a circumstance at a church. There was a smart Alex in the congregation who said to the preacher that he could take no text in the Bible, which he could not reply to. On the next Sabbath the minister took the text, "The wild ass snuffeth the east wind," asking if he could reply to that. "Sir, it would take him a long time to get his satisfaction."

As we are on anecdotes, will relate one told us by a Presbyterian preacher:

An old farmer was in the habit of taking his produce to a certain college. The students, fuller of mischief than books, concluded to post themselves on the road at certain distances and try the old man on his wit. On passing the first he addressed him thus, "Good morning,

father Abraham." He replied, "I am not Abraham." Passing to the second he said, "Good morning, father Isaac." He replied, "I am not Isaac." The third cries out lustily, "Good morning, father Jacob." He answered, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac or Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, looking for my father's asses, of whom I have found three."

In olden times the ass was held in high estimation by the ancients. We read in the Bible that at one time he was possessed of the power of speech. Balaam's ass chode him for not passing the angel that stood in his path with a drawn sword. The eyes of the ass were keener than Balaam's, for he saw the angel, while Balaam did not; but afterwards as it passed before him, he repented himself of his unjust and cruel treatment. This power of speech was the most distinguished honor ever conferred on an animal, and this only once.

"With lantern jaws and solemn face,  
Your figure loosely hung and slack;  
An ass-head with a lolling tongue,  
Your'e like a boy's dancing jack.  
So put your visage out of sight  
And hide your ugly ears away;  
For all who meet you in the street,  
Expect at once to hear you bray."

## THE HORSE.

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A well known, simple hoofed, non-ruminating quadruped, constituting the soliped family of Cuvier's order of pachydermata; and in Prof. Owen's system the family solidungula of the order perissodactyla (odd toed), of the group ungulata (hoofed), and of the mammalian sub-class zyrenaphila (waive brained). Zoologically



considered, the family consists of the single genus *equus* (Lin), distinguished from all other quadrupeds by having only one apparent toe, and a single solid hoof on each foot; the peculiar construction of the mouth of the horse which man has availed himself of to introduce the bit, by which this powerful, intelligent and

useful animal is subjugated to his uses. The different species of the equus, as the zebras and the asses, so resemble each other in outward form and internal economy that the description of the typical species, the horse, will answer for all. With the exception of a few structural peculiarities, they are so nearly related to each other that they will breed together, producing more or less fertile hybrids, as has been shown in the case of the mare and the jack. The cross between the two species with zebra, is said to be prolific. The chest of the horse is capacious, compressed latterly in front, and prolonged in advance of the first rib, so as to resemble somewhat the thorax of a bird. He has eighteen pair of ribs, twelve ribs more than a man. The muscular system of the horse is very different from that of man, and has been described minutely in treatises on veterinary medicine. The spinal muscles are of great extent and strength, especially in the neck and tail, which admit of much precision and grace of motion. The barbarous treatment of cutting the mane and tail of the horse should be prohibited. It is quite as foolish as cutting the hair from the head of a beautiful

woman; the length and luster of which was considered the beauty and glory of the woman.

The hoof of the horse presents an admirable adaptation to secure solidity and elasticity, as an instrument of progression. In the triangular space in the center of the foot is an elastic horny mass, called the frog. The eyes of the horse are large, and the sight excellent, and capable of distinguishing objects at night without the aid of electricity. Indeed horses would prefer that the streets were not lighted up, as it obstructs their view. The ears are very large and movable, and the sense of hearing acute, as in other timid defenseless animals. I once saw a man that could move his ears backward and forward with as much facility as the horse. The sense of smell is also acute, as seen in the selection of food, and in the recognition of their masters. The cutaneous sense is very fine and the tactile powers of their movable lips excellent. When speaking of the movability of the horse's ears, Darwin declared that all human ears were originally movable. He says persons are occasionally found who still retain this power. All the intelligent anatomists agree that the two muscles controlling

the motion of the ears, atrahens and retrehens, are found in a rudimentary state in the human being, but they are not and never have been of sufficient strength to move the ear. Monstrosities occur in all vegetable and animal life; but Adamson says a monstrosity never changes the name or affects the immutability of the species.

The food of the horse is exclusively vegetable, in a state of nature. The disposition of the horse is naturally gentle and confident, which qualities have made it the most useful of all animals in the arts of peace and war. Occasionally an animal is vicious, either naturally or from bad treatment in youth. It is bold however in the defense of its young. An instance of its boldness I will give, which came under the observation of many persons. At a season of the year when the bank of the Mississippi river was falling in by large pieces of earth being detached from the main land, a mare was grazing close to the edge of the river. Her colt standing on one of these slides went into the stream. It swam for awhile, and the mother finding it could not ascend the perpendicular bank, ran back a few rods and sprang

into the river. Going ahead of the colt she conducted it to a sloping bank, where they could ascend with ease. This seems miraculous, but it is true. We have horses varying in size from the Shetland pony to the Flanders dray horse; and in proportions from the thorough bred racer to the Canadian cob, with every variety of color. So we find great diversity in their moral qualities. Some are bold, intelligent, or good natured, and others timid, stupid, or cross, and by care, or from neglect, each of these qualities become the characteristic of a race.

In speaking of the intelligence of the horse, we will give an instance, which surpasses instinct. An old mare, now nineteen years old, was raised from a colt on milk (its mother having died), in the yard of a mansion, where the children played in the evening. This colt became restless from its imprisonment, and learned to unlatch the yard gate. No latch could be put on that gate which she could not open with her teeth. When she was two years old she was put in the barnyard, and then handled with a view of breaking her to harness. She learned to open the door to the feed

room, and get into the feed. This door was closed by hook and hasp. It was found necessary to lock the door, and a padlock was procured. If the door was fastened, and the key left in the lock, she could turn the key with her teeth, take the lock out of the hasp, throw it on the ground and enter the feed room. The pound man can testify to this statement, as he could not keep her in his own pound. The mistress of this animal will ask her if she want water when she comes to the pump; and if she is thirsty she will whicker. On being asked if she wants salt, she will lick out her tongue. This animal learned these tricks by herself, and some of them were a great annoyance and expense to her owners; they would prefer she was not so highly educated. This narrative is admissible here, as the educated horse found his way into the different encyclopedias.

The horse rarely lives to a greater age than thirty years, and is not serviceable for speed or very hard work for more than half this period. In the tropical climates the horse is unfit for either work or speed after twelve years. Nor is he so long lived as in northern climates. Query: Is this because he was found further north than

any of the quadrupeds? In compact form, elegance of proportion, and grace of movement, combining speed and strength, he is surpassed by no animal. Sculptors and painters have made the horse the subject of their chisels and pencils. Poets, sacred and secular, have sung its praises from time immemorial. The horse is not only the most useful animal while living, but almost every part is useful to man after death. His skin is valuable for gloves, his hair for making cloth, his bones for buttons and for grinding into fertilizers. His flesh as food for hounds if not for man. He is not eaten by man in the United States, but preferred in France to beef. Large quantities were killed, packed and shipped from the western states to that country, the introduction of the bycicle into the large eastern cities destroying the trade and reducing the price of these animals so low that they would not bring transportation charges. His hoofs are used for making glue, and his intestines for the manufacture of delicate, membranous tissues. The scientific doctors of late have come to the rescue of the horse raisers, and are using him in scientific work. His blood has been found better than

any other animal for making toxines and anti-toxines. Through him the serum theraphy is to be perfected. He is not so valuable for vivisection as the rabbit, perhaps from his higher price. The time may come when all labor may be performed by machines, and then his and the donkey's price may be on a par with the rabbit, at the rate of sixteen to one; so that the horse, said in ancient fable to have been created by Neptune as the animal most useful to man, can safely lay claim both living and dead to being of the greatest value to the human race. In view of all these facts, can the bycicle displace the horse? We think not.

Most countries have peculiar breeds of horses, adapted to the climate and wants of the region. In the deserts of Arabia we find a horse remarkable for fleetness, endurance and docility. The Arabian horse has been described under that title. Its blood by intermixture has been made to improve other races of all sizes and constitutions, producing the breeds most highly valued both in Europe and America. The horses of the Quirinal, like several other early Greek representations, are mere ponies by comparison with the human figure. In the friezes

of the Parthenon, though mounted, they are yet small. In the Indian countries to the far north, these animals do not grow to a greater height than a very large spaniel dog. We have seen several that a six foot man could not stride, without his feet touching the ground, and these were not in menageries or circuses. The ancients, however, who seem usually to have ridden without a saddle, do not appear to have known the use of the stirrup. If the ancients discovered the necessity of having a saddle with stirrup for prudential reasons, why is it not of the same use, for the same purpose in the bycicle. The Parthians were among the most famous of ancient horsemen, and in battle with the Romans were exceedingly efficient as archers on horseback. Frequently the mounted steed is represented without a bridle, and the Numidian cavalry are said to have guided and restrained their horses without it. A traveler in Mexico tells us that the donkeys in that country are driven in large droves, as many as two hundred in number, without bridles or halters, and that they move forward by a peculiar noise made by his driver; if any turn in the road is to be made to the right or left, a loud,

modulated sound is given, which is understood by the animals as well as a company of cavalry would understand the word of command from the officer. These little animals he says are loaded down with every kind of produce. They transport the silver bullion from the mines, they are packed with merchandise, and are used for all domestic purposes about the house; indeed they carry more freight than the railroads, and at much less expense. If the dummy bycicle were loaded down with the kind of freight, how far would it get in a day? We think it would fall back into the snail's pace instead of having the speed of lightning. The occasional practice of some orientals, and of the wild tribes roaming over the western prairies of North America, renders this statement less improbable than at first sight appears. Horses in the east are often trained to stop in full career at the mere voice of the rider; and a Comanche Indian may be frequently seen to jump on the bare back of a wild and untrained horse, without bridle or halter, and guide him by the simple expedient of covering with his hand the eye of the animal on the side opposite to that in which he

wished to direct it. The writer saw many squaws of the Seminole tribe mount their ponies when at grass and ride them to camp without anything but their hand to guide them. They always rode bareback and sidewise. This was when the Seminoles were being moved from Florida, in 1836.

After Van Buren had chased them out of the swamp with his blood hounds, many of them camped on the north side of Little Rock, and it was here that the writer made his observations.

In modern times, when the number of horses have been immeasurably increased, and when they have been used for different purposes by the most varied nations, the art of equitation has been proportionally developed, while its practice has been modified by the mere fact that all, or nearly all since the middle ages, habitually employ the saddle and the stirrup. The art of equitation in modern times has been far outstripped by the bicycle horseman, for he can sit on his horse and balance himself with great dexterity, but the horse must be moving; a standing horse always throws his rider. In order to ride this horse you must be in constant motion. Give us the animal.

# THE BICYCLE.

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## RESPONSIBILITY FOR WRITING UP THE BICYCLE.

Upon being asked to explain the meaning of the word "responsibility" a boy replied: "Well, if both of the suspender buttons on the back of my trousers were hanging by single threads, and one of them should snap, ther'd be considerable responsibility on the other



button." When the bicyclist's life is hanging on a slender chain, as it were, there's considerable "responsibility" attached to the medical "button" or "chain" upon which the physician's medical advice depends to keep the slender chain from snapping.

My attempt at the description of the bicycle and its evil effects upon the human system is dictated by no prejudice or fault finding disposition; but simply to give what I know by practical experience, derived from a medical and physiological knowledge, after a practice of fifty years, my observations of its social influence from a standpoint based upon my knowledge of sociology.

#### BICYCLE IN WAR.

Gen. Miles said, in a subsequent speech to wheelmen, that the use of the bicycle for military purposes is one that would naturally attract the attention of every soldier. "We all know," said Gen. Miles, "that in military matters, one of the principal arts in war is rapidity of movement—backward as well as forward—and the power to move troops and munitions of war rapidly from one part of the country to another. Hannibal, the master of the military art, was finally overcome by the rapidity of movement of one of the corps of the enemy against a portion of his army. Alexander, Hannibal and Cicero used horses, and Napoleon coaches, in moving rapidly portions of their

corps from one part of the country to another. Not long ago, Lieut. Hunt, of Sheridan, and a few enlisted men, with but little experience in riding, made a march of fifteen miles, on wheels, in one hour and twenty-five minutes. The men took one long rest, and carried the full equipments of a soldier. At the end of the ride they were fresh enough to make the journey back a pleasure."

Some national guard officers of rank do not take as hopeful a view of the service of bicycles in time of war as do the ranking officers of the army.

Perhaps some of the officers might have been at the battle of Pea Ridge in Arkansas in our civil war. Surely Gen. Miles could not, for I think he could never have had such chimerical views as he is reported to have. We admit bicyclists might have the advantage on a smooth bicycle road in a retreat, such a one as the first Manassas; but we cannot think that an officer of Gen. Miles' noted celebrity would want an army of fast retreaters. If Gen. Miles had been a cavalry officer like Forest he might have discovered the fact that many a timid soldier had been led to a charge against

his will by the valorous and impetuous horse. Indeed, the horse never retreats until he is compelled by his rider. The Southern horse and the Northern horse could identify the gray and the blue. Could the dummy do it? The horse has honor and patriotism, the dummy none. If the Yankees had used the bicycle in our late war, even as Gen. Miles proposes, wouldn't the Southern soldiers have laughed at their credulity? If Gen. Miles wants a fast retreating army to save his men, he could not adopt any measure so gratifying to him.

A thousand years from now, when all the forests in the United States have been cleared up, and bicycle roads traverse the country as hog paths do the cane brake, we may speak of bicycle battles.

If the Yankees would agree to take the fifty thousand cyclists and one hundred thousand infantry, and in a pitched battle with the South of half that number of infantry and cavalry on the Southern side, we would whip them out of their boots and drive them into the sea; and this with Texas alone. Military tactics don't always put sand in a man's gizzard or ideas in his brain.

When Gen. Miles comes to make his attack on our Texas cowboys, they will just say to him: "Hear, O Miles! ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies. Let not your heart faint; fear not, and do not tremble; neither be ye terrified because of them; for we fight with swift retreating bicycles, and every-one of you shall be saved." Gen. Miles must recollect that the "tree of the field" is man's life in battle, for the Bible says so.

If Gen. Miles should chance to see this criticism and become irate at the language a little swamp doctor uses towards his superior, he must recollect that down here in Arkansas we allowed Tillman to call his superior a liar and a thief, yet did not tar and feather him—if we do live in the land of mobs and lynchings. If he were to send down his soldiers and arrest us and take us to Libby prison, Cleveland would release us before he went out, for we traipsed around through the South when he had his goldbug in a cage, and were shining the eyes of our people until they became blind, so they could not see a silver dollar. Why? Because it was not here to see.

It has been found occasionally—we use this word in an ethical way, as it would be considered indignity to use the word “generally”—that corporals have more of both these qualities than their leaders.

Mrs. L. W. Coy, in her report of “Federation of Women’s Clubs,” in speaking of the ladies of Louisville, Ky., says: “I must say without fear of contradiction that many of the brainiest, the prettiest and the handsomest women of the world were gathered at the Galt house; for among them were young women, old women, preacher women, doctor women, lawyer women and various other varieties of the new woman.” I suppose she intended to convey the idea that the bicycle woman was included in the “various other varieties.”

The bicycle women in Little Rock are certainly indignant at the classification, as they should have been “first upon the roll of honor.” Mrs. Coy would not have been so remiss had the convention met here. Bicycle women are carrying the day, and bicycle men are seeing fair play.

*Literary Digest*, June 13, 1896 :

“The bicycle is now accused of responsibility for the depression in various lines of business. The *New York Sun* finds horsemen, theatrical managers, cigar store keepers, dry goods merchants, confectioners and other tradesmen complaining of the loss of trade among the people who are saving up their money to buy wheels. On the other hand, one of the largest manufacturers of athletic sundries tells the *New York Herald* that members of every trade find it advantageous to invest money in one of the many necessary adjuncts to the bicycle ‘pastime,’—note the word used by its friends,—the leather men, goods men, shoemakers, glove makers, watchmakers, woodworkers, cork cutters, etc.,\* all having special classes of goods to furnish in connection with the wheel.

“The capital thus invested, outside the actual manufacture of bicycles, is estimated at from twenty million to thirty million. We quote other interesting figures from the *Herald*, giving an idea of the extent of the new industry, and a number of editorial comments on its in-

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\* He puts the words “so forth” as did Gen. Taylor in the expression, “the rest of mankind;” thinking that his bicycle fad “embraced the whole world and the rest of mankind.”—AUTHOR.

fluence in business. Fifty million to seventy million a year spent for bicycles"—and here the *New York Herald* throws up its hands in astonishment to know that there are one million of fools in the United States, and that they are multiplying by a hundred-fold ratio every year. If our American women do not go to breeding better stock than this, it will not take sixty-five years to become all fools.

Large ideas sometimes revolve in small brains. Like the precious metals that are found deep buried in poor earth, they have more than a superficial value. The question from the *New York Herald* revolved in my mind more than a year ago, as many of my friends can testify, but it would have had no weight, even had it been printed over my signature in that widely read, extremely conservative journal. But the drift of my whole argument will be to show that the bicycle produces nothing but ill health and poverty to the masses.

"Traveling men are coming home from all directions with the complaint that people will not buy anything but bicycles. We are not aware that there are any statistics on the sub-

ject, but guesses in those quarters where guessing is most likely to have some solid foundation, put the number of wheels sold at half a million in 1894, and three-fourths of a million in 1895, while there are estimates of a million machines to be sold this year. The average cost to the users of these cannot be less than sixty dollars, and very probably exceeds that. The diversion of anywhere from fifty to seventy millions of dollars in a year from the clothing, the jewelry, and dry goods trades, and other lines of business catering to comfort and luxury, and to a certain extent to real needs also, will account for a good deal of dullness of trade and a good deal of diminished requirements on the part of retail merchants. The bicycle manufacturers and dealers have not complained of hard times. They are too busy to think about the currency or watch for an exchange. In spite of the vast numbers of them, they are able to keep their prices up very well. The demand absorbs all the one hundred dollar machines that can be made, in spite of the extensive manufacture of cheaper machines, even the cheapest of which, it is safe to say, afford an extremely wide mar-

gin of profit, to be divided between the manufacturer and the dealer.

“But at the present rate every person in the United States desirous of riding must soon be equipped with a wheel, and then the demand for dresses, bonnets, watches and miscellaneous comforts and luxuries will become normal again.”

This is a tacit acknowledgment that the bicycle is abnormal—we think a monstrosity. Merchants in Little Rock are offering to give wheels to anyone who will buy their goods at cost price, as all the marginal money has been spent for wheels. Blacksmiths, gunsmiths, watchmakers, horse raisers, gardeners, produce men, tailors and dressmakers are all offering like bargains. Doctors are willing to discount their bills at one hundred per cent. and take bicycles at cost for their pay. So you see that neither gold or silver is currency here. Bicycles are the only things that have any attraction for the goldbug.

We quote a few lines from the *Press*, Philadelphia :

“Bicycles in this country, the *Journal of Commerce* estimates, absorb this year about

sixty million, and, taking the basis of its figures, this doesn't seem an over estimate. The marginal expenditure of the country is being poured into this one channel. Bicycles are receiving what was spent on jewelry, extra clothing, new furniture, musical instruments -- as pianos -- and the entire range of objects on which families spend the margin they can spare from the necessities of life.

"All the trades mentioned are suffering and bicycle manufacturers are benefiting. At this the effect of the new craze stops, where the general public is not educated to the wild craze in stocks familiar in England. There bicycle manufactories and bicycle patents have been made the basis of new companies, whose shares -- sold at from twenty-five cents or a shilling to a pound or five dollars -- have been thrown on the market. Speculation in these shares has taken possession of all classes. If it does America no good in politics, religion or morals, it may stop the abnormal speculation in futures on cotton."

It is an evil wind that blows no one any good, but the cyclone of St. Louis would be far preferable to cyclone bicycle.

The *Free Press*, Detroit, a Democratic vehicle:

"The bicycle is as Democratic as one could wish. Its use is confined to no class, and no manipulation either of shares in factories or of prices by trusts can ever make it anything else. The head of the house goes out in the evening for a spin, and meets not only the working man returning from his daily toil, and the messenger boy compelled at a rate of speed which has taken all the fun out of the allusions in the comic papers to his snail-like movements, but very likely his coachman and his cook as well, and they become so accustomed to it that they no longer feel any surprise.

"Upon the bicycle, if nowhere else, all are equals, if they can keep out of each other's way. It is not cheering, of course, to reflect that all this does militate in a certain way against trade, but the result is one which must be accepted, just as we have had to accept similar results before.

"It is an historical fact that the systems of electrical illumination now in vogue have come into prominence not because they are cheaper than the candle, oil or gas light, but because of the growing tendency of civilization to de-

mand increased comforts rather than a decrease in the cost of obtaining them. No one will deny that the horse is much cheaper, more durable and comfortable than the bicycle—in elegance of style, in graceful movements, imparting animation to his rider because he has life to impart, while the dummy has none. Then isn't it better to develop a native fact than to use a speculative fad?

“The public has looked on with too much equanimity already upon this craze, as they are about to be brought to grief. All fads create a sensation for a time, but they do not affect serious minded people of any class very deeply, and are generally barren of results.”

#### CONCLUSION OF BICYCLE FAD.

The people of the farm and the work shop view on the one hand great wealth, a few living in luxurious mansions, giving costly entertainments, wearing fortunes in diamonds, riding behind fine horses, and otherwise making an ostentatious display; while by their side are poodle dogs that are better fed than many of the virtuous poor. In all these displays of wealth and luxury there is a balance between

supply and demand. The luxurious mansion calls for skilled labor, with proper compensation. Costly entertainments give to scientific cooks good remuneration for their services. Fine horses stimulate the horse raiser to improve his stock and thereby get increased prices. The poodle dog, silly as the practice may be, must eat, and thereby gives trade to the butcher and the baker; besides he must have a valet to wash, dress and curl his hair. This gives employment to the domestic.

What do bicycles give to the public? The old homesteads are going to wreck, lands are washing away, and the young girls and the old maids and the boys of the farms are hastening to the towns and cities to catch this insane fad that they may be noticed for their expert riding. Soon the young country boys and girls, who are full of strength and vigor, bear off the prize for speed and graceful riding. They learn to sit straight because they have strong backs; they give more force to the wheel, for they have strong developed muscles of the legs. The result of it is the rich will drop back to the carriage and buggy, where they can get more pleasure with no force.

While the farm is suffering for the want of this labor, will the country boys and girls drop back to the farm? Never. Idleness associated with vicious habits is accumulative, and never ceases until the idler is buried in the potter's field, his last resting place, for no one can consume so much time upon a useless fad without becoming a pauper, unless he depends upon the labor of some one else to support him. It is said that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been taken out of Little Rock for the purchase of bicycles, while the general trade of the city has been reduced proportionally. Could this amount have been put into buildings for the rich and the poor, the sound of the hammer and the whiz of the saw would not have been hushed as it is.

#### BICYCLE—TO WHOM SUITED.

“It appears that the attempt to condemn the orthodox stooping posture of the modern cyclist is to be a failure. After a strong effort in the direction of advocating an upright posture, I find myself so out-voted with the tacit consent of the medical profession that I have retired from the contest. I suppose that the

present low, forward position, and the consequent stoop and contracting of the shoulders, will remain the commonly favored posture in cycling.

“ There is another point, however, which appeals specially to elderly cyclists, and it may be that, as my cycling experience on the race path touring has extended over more than twenty years, I may be allowed to speak. I mean the matter of saddles. Our elderly cyclists will soon find out what it means to ride with their weight on the perineum. The profession as a body seem to approve of that method of sustaining the weight, as they do of the orthodox camel-hump posture. But I can strongly recommend all elderly riders to obtain a seat made of two small, cupped, circular air pads, one for each ischiatic tuberosity, with no pressure upon the perineum whatever. The comfort of such a seat (such as Burchess seat) is enormous and does away with all that perineal servitude, which is so painful and often serious to heavy riders.

“ By this you will see the great importance of both sexes of heavy weight keeping off the

bicycle.\* Still I find that in this matter, also, the cyclist prefers to keep the old methods. They like bruising the bulb of the uretha and the occasional difficulty in micturition after a long ride. It is no business of mine. Let us by all means keep both the camel hump posture and the perineal suspension. Personally I shall continue to assume the upright posture, with long, low, backward handles, and shall ride on my non-perineal seat." — *London Lancet.*

This must have been written or dictated by an old experienced and honest physician, who had learned from long personal experience the damage done to him, and was willing to confess it. It seems that he still had hopes that the bicycle saddle would overcome these difficulties and throw the weight where it properly belongs, on the fleshy muscles nature so wisely provided. It must be remembered that in riding the horse the feet and legs are pressed heavily upon to counteract the downward weight pressure of the body. As, for example, let your stirrup leather break when you

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\*This is common sense with a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physics.—A U T H O R.

are riding and see how quickly you feel the pressure upon the perineum. It was for this purpose the saddle was invented. If experience has taught us anything, it is this: that while knowledge is power, it is not of necessity power for good. It may be, and not unfrequently is, power for evil.

Education offers facilities for various living, but it is assuredly not the force that is capable of grappling successfully with vice. Men are not saved by it, and it is open to question whether the moral standards of living among the cultured classes is much if anything better than the ideals of the common people.

Bismarck said in speaking of war: "If the ministers of foreign affairs had always accompanied their sovereigns or the commander-in-chief during the campaign, history would certainly contain fewer records of war. On the battlefields and, which is worse, in the field hospitals I have seen the flower of our youth succumb to their wounds and to disease. Even now I see many a cripple look up at this window, evidently thinking, 'If it were not for the man up there, who made the war, I would be well and strong at home.' Such reminiscenses

and such sights would rob me of peace if I had to accuse myself of having made war lightly and only to gain a name."

If the manufacturers of the bicycle would accompany every man and woman bicyclist in their unprofitable fad, and see how much money and time is spent on this unproductive and unsatisfying amusement, how many cripples reported by physicians, how many deformed women and men, whose fair forms are being distorted, would he not feel as this great statesman did about war? Yes, it is the vilest war that has ever been made on the morals and manners of the free and practical American. Don't cry, "Hard times!" when you can throw away millions on a fad which has a tendency to destroy the morals, deplete the pocket and cripple the body.

These fads are crying out lustily for bicycle roads. How many pay a dollar tax to keep our present bad roads in repair? A hundred years from now Arkansas will not have a turnpike in every county, but long before that time the bicycle will be piled up with the old wheels and trumpery at the Smithsonian Insti-

tute, where all fads find a burial place, and serve only as monuments to a deluded age.

Another little incident I will mention to show that fads are of no value anywhere. Among the conspiritors arrested by the Boer government was at least one that they could afford to release without fear that his influence could harm the independence of the South African Republic. This is Solly Yoel, nephew of the great Barnatto, and the prince of dudes. How he came to be arrested is not quite clear. He has never done anything more important than to set the fashion as to the height of the collar, the length of the crease in the trousers and the shape of the coat in H. B. Majesty's colonies. His most epoch making deed was to have his bath tub filled with soda water when water was scarce. The dude is as important as a bicycle.

Mr. Scott Leighton, the Boston artist, tells the story of a pet game cock which he kept in his studio: "Having at one time to paint the portrait of a large size game cock for a patron, the pet suffered a great deal from the domineering spirit of the larger bird, and got so he never could see him without flying into a rage.

After the picture was completed and the feathered model had been removed, the canvas remained in the studio, standing on the floor. One day the little game cock was picking his way about the studio, when he suddenly caught sight of the counterfeit presentment of his former enemy. With a scream of rage he gave one leap and, flying at the picture, struck his spurs into it again and again. The next time he was given an opportunity he repeated the attack, and it became the almost daily amusement of the artist and his friends to witness these impromptu cock fights between a live bird and a dummy. At last one day the little fellow, resting a moment after an unusually spirited attack, happened to cock his head on one side so as to get a look behind the picture. For an instant he was dumbfounded. He looked in front and saw his old enemy as large as life. Another glance behind, and he was more than ever puzzled. He then deliberately walked around and behind the picture several times, carefully surveying it, and finally, with a spiteful flirt and with an air of disgust that would have done credit to a human being, marched away and hid himself. Never after

that day could he be persuaded to attack the picture, or, indeed, to pay the slightest attention to it. He had penetrated the sham and would have no more of it."

The horse is making the same observations today in regard to the bicycle. He has looked behind it and found out that it is a sham, and he will have no more racing with it. He does not believe his beautiful maid rider will ever give him up for the sham. No; he will relegate it to the pauper and the æsthetic, where they can mingle upon a common plane. This is a day when morals have become a subject of book account, and such shams cannot tell whether they are for usefulness or for senseless toys until they balance their ledgers.

#### REMINISCENCE OF BYGONE DAYS.

When I meet an old-fashioned lady I think it is like taking a breath of fresh, pure country air, full of sweetness, and laden with the odors of the wild grape, and of new mown hay, and of violets. We read of blue skies, and green fields, and white fields; and honest, hard working men and women; and country girls and boys, simple and lovable, like many whom we

knew in the past. I can remember many of these characters now living. I have met them in what is now called the dead days, and I grieve that those days are gone, and love any one who will write up reminiscences of them. I recollect a little girl with blue eyes and auburn hair and a small, graceful figure. Her complexion was charming, her step elastic and her speech chaste and elegant--the very personification of a Southern lady before the bicycle day.

*The Critic* on the bicycle:

“But these critics do not give us any very definite forecast of what the coming fads are to be, and the cyclist meanwhile snaps his fingers at all such iconoclasts. He will simply keep on producing what the public want, with small regard for the opinion of those who tell us what the public ought to want. He is riding upon the bicycle, the supposed top wave of advanced thought. Wheels are expensive luxuries.

THE POSTURE OF WOMAN ON THE BICYCLE—  
ITS EFFECTS—RESPIRATION AS CONNECTED  
WITH THE GENERATION OF POWER.

“One of the most important purposes of the body is to generate power—muscular power,

mental power. If this precious article could be bottled up its sale would far exceed that of the most popular cure all. When a muscle contracts, a portion of its substance is used up in generating whatever power is developed. The used up part unites with oxygen. The energy of the muscle is also in the direct ratio to the purity, abundance and oxygen-absorbing powers of the blood circulating through it. These essential properties are possessed in a normal degree only by blood rich in the vital gas, a result which cannot be attained unless the respiration is constantly full and free. Therefore, those persons whose capacity to respire is below the full requirements of the system are not capable of exciting their full quota of any kind of power, whether nervous, muscular or intellectual.

“It is no wonder that women who receive into their lungs too little air at each and every breath are not strong and well. When I think of the extreme importance of the respiratory function, and that it is so universally defective among women, I am surprised the results are no worse than they are. And when we consider that even the small quantity they do

do breathe, particularly in cities, where the contaminated dust mingles freely with the atmosphere, it is a signal proof of the great capacity possessed by the female constitution to maintain life under very unfavorable circumstances.

“ By way of illustrating the facts I wish to present, we may look upon the trunk of the female body as being divided into three separate stories by two partitions. The diaphragm forms the floor of the chest and the roof of the abdominal cavity. The partition below forms the floor for the latter and a roof for the pelvis, the latter cavity being occupied mainly by the generative organs. The fundus uteri is firmly attached to the partition covering the pelvis. Now, the diaphragm and the muscles of the chest and abdomen are in ceaseless motion, performing the act of breathing; in fact, the diaphragm acts very much like the piston of a pump. When it rises it elevates the roof of the pelvis, to which the uterus is attached. When it descends, the latter is depressed. The constant up and down motions of the powerful muscle forming the floor of the thoracic cavity with the action of the abdominal

muscles are communicated through the digestive apparatus to the lower partition, to which the uterus is attached. These respiratory motions have so direct and positive an influence on the pelvic viscera that in healthy women, the motions of whose breathing organs are quite free and natural, the uterus and its appendages make two distinct movements every time they breathe. When the diaphragm rises and the breath is expelled, it rises from one inch to one inch and a half, and when the diaphragm descends and the lungs are filled it rises the same distance. The uterus is thus normally in constant motion, up and down.

#### **HOW MOTION OPERATES TO MAINTAIN A HEALTHY CIRCULATION THROUGH THE PELVIC ORGANS.**

“Muscular action and the resulting bodily motion play an important part in maintaining a circulation of the blood. This is true of the uterus. Motion, gentle but constant, is essential to keep up a healthy uterine blood circulation. To meet this imperative want, the diaphragm, intercostal and abdominal muscles, in addition to their respiratory functions, have the subsidiary duty of communicating auto-

matic motion to the uterus. Nature has thus made ample provision to maintain a normal blood circulation through the pelvic viscera in those who do not prevent her operations. I believe that if these natural motions were not restricted by women, uterine diseases would be comparatively rare; and, moreover, if physicians, in attempting the removal of uterine congestions and their effects, adopted adequate means to restore the normal motions of the respiratory and pelvic viscera, their success in the treatment of these disorders would be greatly enhanced.

“Respiration is very defective when it results in breathing only the minimum quantity of air on which life can be maintained, as so many women do. I have tried to show that respiration completely served nature’s purposes in the female economy only when sufficiently deep and free to communicate automatic motion to the abdominal and pelvic viscera.

“A critical examination of women who are the subjects of confirmed uterine disorders readily show that they lack the mechanical condition requisite to carry on the breathing process in a manner that effectively attains all

its normal results. In such cases the respiratory motions of the thorax are confined to the clavicular regions, while those of the infra-mammary are nearly or quite abolished. The epigastrium is preternaturally hollow, while the abdomen is abnormally protuberent inferiorly. In such cases the uterus will be found lying in the pelvic cavity, dislocated, motionless, even during forced breathing.

“Will anyone deny that the breathing on a bicycle is not forced, sometimes to a very dangerous extent, and its tissues deeply congested or inflamed? How can local treatment, however skillful, be really curative which is addressed to the removal of secondary effects, leaving the basic, predisposing causes untouched. The causes that are cited as having brought about deterioration in the general health and vigor of the American women, and predisposes them to the inroads of uterine disorders, are very numerous.

“There is, however, one cause that has almost escaped detection. That to which I refer consists in the fact that the breathing capacity of a very large majority of women is notably less than is indispensable—less than is necessary

to maintain health, even if they had no other health destroying influences to resist. If this little book should fall under the eye of the doctor he might object to its application."

As I wanted to give the physiology of respiration, and thereby show its important connection with the position assumed by the cyclist, I could not do it more comprehensively than in the graphic description here given. The school girl who has studied physiology knows she has been taught the theory of respiration. Its application to medicine she may learn from these lines with the forlorn hope of its beneficial results.

"When woman revolts against her normal functions and sphere of action, desiring, instead, to usurp man's prerogative, she entails upon herself the inevitable penalty of such irregular conduct; and while losing the womanliness, which she apparently scorns, fails to attain the masculine, for which she strives." Such is the opening sentence of an essay on the "Foibles of the New Woman," by Mrs. Ella W. Winston, in the April *Forum*. She observes further, "That the revolting woman is unto herself a perpetual delight, calling her-

self and her kind by the epithets 'New,' 'Awakened' and 'Superior,' and speaking disdainfully of women who differ from her in what to her judgment is the all important question of life."

"Ah! hopeless is the task indeed,  
And pitiable the fate,  
Of him who does attempt to write  
A 'New Book Up to Date.'"

In a former part of this little book we dwelt upon the position assumed on the bicycle as a position affecting the breathing. We will now quote a few lines from Dr. Hinsdale, of the Orthopedic hospital, Philadelphia, and printed in the *Medical News*, May 2:

"The air we breathe is a fertile subject for scientific investigation. Twenty years ago we knew but little about the organic constituents of the atmosphere." He goes on to say: "I have thus made plain that dust is the abomination to be shunned. We shall never live where we can absolutely avoid it, but we can do a great deal towards preventing its virulent character. If the doctrine of spontaneous germination had been established, little encouragement might be expected in a fight against infectious diseases; but, as Pasteur

has said thirty years ago, 'Man has it in his power to cause parasitic diseases to disappear off the surface of the globe.' "

Prevention, like charity, properly begins at home, and eternal vigilance is the price of safety. Now, in view of this demonstrated fact, is it not safe to keep off the bicycle, at least in dry, windy days? The law makes the cyclist keep the center of the street, where the dust rises in clouds, and all kinds of organic matter are conveyed to the nose, throat and lungs through the open mouth and nostrils. Can it be possible that anyone who has given the subject the least thought could recommend a consumptive person to take this kind of exercise? Tests of dusts from the wall of houses of fifty-three private patients affected with tuberculosis were introduced into one hundred and sixty-eight animals, of which ninety died soon after the injection, thirty-four were found tuberculous and the remainder sound. If it is necessary for tuberculous patients to avoid the dust that is swept from the room, how much more should they avoid the dust of the street that comes from they know not where.

When you look at a female bicyclist and smile, she will smile in return with a calm and pleased-with-myself expression. There is no anxiety, no surprise, no blinking of the eyes. The smile on her lips is like to that of a dancer pleased with executing a step. If we are not mistaken, they will find they are dupes to their own dream. In our age every institution and society is the subject of searching criticism, not always friendly. It can hope to win notice and consideration by claims of long descent, but must abide the test of observation and experience.

#### SALLY'S BICYCLE.

"When Sally got a bicycle, her mother raised a row;  
The girls when she was grown-up weren't like the girls are  
now—

The modestest, sweetest girls that lived beneath the sun—  
You never saw a bicycle in eighteen fifty-one.

To think she'd live to see it—a child she'd raised come out  
In them newfangled bloomers, and go ridin' 'round about.  
To think her children had forgot the censure that she gave,  
And live to bring her old gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

But when Sal' had her bicycle agoin' 'bout a week,  
And mother seen the roses that was bloomin' on her cheek,  
We notice' that she'd change' her mind—was quiet-like—  
and so

Sal' she kept on a ridin' where the bloomers loved to blow.

And as it come one mornin', just past the break of day,  
A shieldin' of herself between a hill or two of hay,  
Who should we see but mother, aworkin' with a will,  
On Sister Sally's bicycle, and goin' fit to kill.

And now we can't get breakfast, an' dinner's always late,  
For the bicycle's goin' from six o'clock till eight;  
And when she comes a pantin' in we have the biggest fun  
With, 'Never saw a bicycle in eighteen fifty-one.'"

The moral of this ingenious criticism is this: The bicycle interferes greatly with domestic duties. It makes breakfast and supper late by taking away the time that should have been spent in their preparation. It also teaches the girls that, while they are having their fun, someone else must do their work. What a great imposition Sal' was practicing on her mother. Her mother proposed to try it on her. Sal' perhaps learned a useful lesson from this, and did not go cyclying until she had assisted her mother in preparing the meals for the family, and, as the piece was written by her brother, it seems that he had realized the change for the worse, as his breakfast must be early that he may get to work. Perhaps he was working on a salary and had to be at his place of business at an early hour. The family was dependent on his work for a support. The sister was flaunting in her

bloomers, getting the largest share and doing the least work.

Americans, apparently, are not the only ones who suffer from the lack of good servants. Housewives will probably appreciate the motive which led to the insertion of the following advertisement in the *Southeastern Herald*, of England :

“General servant required; board; school training; liberal wages; use of piano; time allowed for practicing violin and dancing; all evenings out; followers unlimited; dirty work done by mistress and daughters; early riser objected to; bicycle and modern costume provided; latch key; highest references given, none required.”

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr says :

“Why should there be love letters now? These are at least full of passion and nature, and, therefore, genius. We have no use for love letters now since we have the railways, bicycles and handsome cabs existing for lovers, so that love letters are a lazy way of making love and ought to be an anachronism. You will say, ‘Some lovers are too poor to travel.’ Then they are too poor to marry, for

they ought to remember in these expensive times that railway journeys and bicycle riding are cheaper than children."

This is an ingenious criticism upon our modern way of making love. Agreeable to her theory, there is more money spent in railway and bicycle riding than would support the natural born children of honest, virtuous parents. This is no criticism; it is a fact. Take the city of Little Rock alone, and she has spent more money in the past year for bicycles than it would take to feed her poor and clothe her naked.

"That bicycling undertaken in moderation is conducive to health and vigor in women is now undisputed. The French physicians have pronounced decidedly in its favor, and M. Lucas Champoniese is a warm advocate of women bicycling. The fatigue in modern bicycling is slight, the muscles are exercised and the lungs are well inflated. The charm of the 'wheel' is, moreover, so great that it induces women who would otherwise be indolent to take healthful exercise and long runs into the country on 'Sabbath day in Christian America, not infidel France.'

"There is, however, one desideratum in order to make bicycling quite safe for women, and that is a satisfactory saddle, adapted to the anatomical necessities of the case. In bicycling the body is tilted forward, and in the pressure brought to bear on the pedals and steering rod the weight of the trunk is thrown on the peak of the saddle, which thus gives support to the lower limb of the pelvis. The position is an unnatural one, and may, combined with the incessant movement of the legs, cause irritation and discomfort, if not more serious mischief. The correct saddle has yet to be devised for women bicyclists, and it would be well for bicycle manufacturers to give attention to this."

The position on the bicycle also affects the hand, as the following description will show: It comes from clutching the handles of the bicycle in such a manner that the fingers are twined around in a deathlike grip, and then bringing the full weight of the upper part of the body to bear upon them. Under this steady pressure the hand becomes flattened, bulges out at the sides, gets lumpy and out of shape, and the fingers all become crooked. Of

course it doesn't happen in a day, and for that matter it has not been known to exist until quite recently; but a year will tell, and those cases that have come under the observation of the writer are the result of just one year's hard riding. It begins by the bulging out of the muscle on the side of the hand. This grows more and more prominent, and gets tougher and tougher, until it is as hard as a piece of wood. Then the muscles of the finger grow larger and larger, and harder and harder, until they too are out of shape. Women are more susceptible to it than men, and the reasons for it are simple. In the first place, a man's hand is naturally tougher than a woman's, and is not so easily hardened or flattened or squeezed into an unnatural shape. Then again, after a man has learned to ride he acquires the habit of holding his handle bar in an easy grasp, having full confidence in his ability to control it. A woman, on the other hand, never relaxes that deathlike grip upon the handle, holding it as if a moment's relaxation meant instant annihilation. Can any lady who has a symmetrical hand, with long, taper-

ing fingers and a soft palm, afford to have it spoiled by riding the bike?

If hardening the hand and stiffening the muscles by grasping hard substances interferes with the free motion of the fingers, how will it affect those persons who play on stringed instruments? How those young girls that are learning to play the piano, quick motion and sensitive touch being the prerequisite for good performers? Male and female artists, you must lay aside your bicycle or your instrument; you cannot practice on both.

Then again, how does it affect the scribe, the typewriter, the surgeon, the telephone operator and all others who are dependent on acute touch and rapid motion for perfection?

“A striking illustration of the influence of fatigue upon the nervous system,” says *Modern Medicine*, “is afforded by an experiment conducted by an Italian physician some months ago. Twenty-four bicycle riders, who had ridden thirty-two miles in two hours and a quarter, were examined with reference to their hearing, and it was in nearly every instance found to be defective.”

THE BICYCLE FROM A SOCIAL STANDPOINT.

We quote the following from Dr. Edmund Dupony, of *Hot Springs Medical Journal* :

“Thanks to the severe laws of Romulus and the ability of his successors, the institution of marriage, created especially from a political point of view, gave to woman a severe code of morals, that was the principal element of Roman greatness. The laws of Romulus to the number of four were necessary to put a check on the violence of the passions of half savage men, and to establish the principal social basis of the new state; but the disposition of the matrimonial code, engraved on the brass tablets of the capital, only concerned gentle women.”

Note the phrase here, and you will see that the best of the Roman women had to be restrained by law. Wouldn’t it be better if America had the same law today?

“The free plebeian masses still gave themselves up to concubinage and prostitution. This was the great political fault fatally destined to sustain a center of corruption that soon spread itself under the empire, after the

great Asiatic wars, to all classes of society, and progressively brought about the Roman decadence."

Are not all demoralizing fads centers of corruption? Is the corrupting bicycle fad spreading with fatal steps into the very best of our society? It seems so when the manufacturers have orders for one million this year at an average of sixty dollars a piece.

"Meantime this condition, of which the legality only reposed on the apparent intention of those who embraced it, the existence of which was only determined by the presumption of the will, these took the name of non-judicial weddings. The concubine was not a wife; she held a place only and was distinguished by her clothing. The children of such women, although associating with other citizens, were not a part of their father's family. They could not inherit, since it was not permitted to take any women as concubines save those in servile conditions, or those born of obscure parentage, or those of distinguished birth who had prostituted themselves, or those who pursued shameful menial tasks. These menial tasks are described in the Latin language, but

are too indecent and revolting to translate into English, although many of them are being practiced in our large cities at this day."

Has advanced civilization—Christianity—blotted them out? Public debauchery no longer astonishes morality. Believing that the bicycle fad tends to immorality, and that it has received the sanction of a good portion of the community, we should be no less astonished than were the Romans. But while honest matrons—*mater familias*—were surrounded by respect and honor, and while vestal virgins were charged with the duty of maintaining the sacred fires to modesty at the altar—are the girls observing modesty when wearing bloomers or riding the bicycle?—many women and daughters of the people submitted themselves to the most horrible species of human slavery. Is not the same thing occurring in our midst, in this progressive nineteenth century? What better are we than those people who lived two thousand years ago? Is not history repeating itself? Is American society as pure as it was in the days of the pilgrims? We think not. Both men and women have degenerated. It is not the

dress or the position that makes the lady, but the lady makes both. The dressmaker will tell you that no matter how good a fit she may make on a woman who has not been reared and bred a lady, it will be a failure. She can not give the expression to the eye or grace of manner which gives to the well bred lady that proud consciousness of her own superiority. Can the dressmaker fit the round shoulders or crooked back which must be produced by constant riding of the bicycle?

Ben Butler knew what he was doing when he appeared before his roughest audiences with a rose in his buttonhole; yet no care in dress and no flower could give him quite the look of a gentleman. On the other hand, no outward misfit could destroy the personnel of a gentleman. Men and women rarely appreciate their peculiar source of power; they rather underrate it, and wish it were different, as young girls, however beautiful, are apt to dislike their own style of hair and complexion and sigh for that of some rival.

Upon the bicycle the two extremes meet, the fashionable rich and the common poor, the white lady and the negro woman.

THE BICYCLE IN POLITICS.

The bicycle has wheeled itself into the field of politics through a victory which the wheelmen have achieved in the passage of a law by the New York legislature, which compels the railroads to carry wheels as baggage without extra charge. This act was opposed by Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central. In an interview published in the *Journal* of April 21, Mr. Depew, when informed that Governor Morton had signed the bill, is reported to have said :

“The bike riders sent thirty thousand circulars out and scared the members of the legislature almost to death. They felt that life would not be safe if they did not pass the measure, and they made the governor think the same way. A wheelman who would refuse to vote for Governor Morton for president if he had failed to sign the bill would be a man with a head as empty as his tire.”

Is not it a lamentable fact to know that so small a thing as a bicycle, yet so great a fad, should control the election of our chief magistrate? Is it not a solemn combination of

things when fools are so numerous and wise men so few as to produce this result? What right have wheelmen to have their freight carried free any more than other shippers of freight? Is the number of pounds to govern free freight or the value of the article shipped? If the wheel were lost, would the railroad be responsible for the value of the iron or steel of which it is composed, or the value placed upon it by the shipper? We think the shipper would claim damages for his wheel agreeable to his own valuation.

#### BICYCLE FACE AND CROOKED BACK.

Leviticus, chapter 21, verse 17:

“ Speak unto Aaron, saying, whosoever he be of the seed in their generations that hath any blemish, let him not approach to offer the bread or food of his God (verse 20), or crooked back, or a dwarf, or that hath a blemish in his eye.”

You see that the bicyclist is not entitled to good food, as he has made himself a crooked back and a staring eye.

Some of the medical journals report a new affection of the eyes, caused, it is said, by the

prevailing method of seating in the street cars. The effort to fix the gaze upon the passing objects causes an annoying strain and twitching in the external muscles of the globes. This same sitting position on the bicycle, with the eyes steadily riveted on objects ahead, gives the fixed stare to the bicycle face.

#### BICYCLE EYE.

“ Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.”

“ From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academies,  
That show, contain and nourish all the world.  
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.”

After reading the first quotation, can any lady afford to have such an eye? Is not this the glaring, staring, bicycle eye? After reading the second, can any woman afford to lose the natural, God given eye, and assume the counterfeit stare? Where is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman’s eye? As Napoleon said, “ It is one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.” We will leave the beauty of the woman’s eye and come to the

## BUSTED BUTCHER.

“I commenced my business about six years ago on one of the principal streets of a flourishing city. I had saved when an apprentice about two hundred dollars and laid it up in bank. This amount I invested in tools for my shop, and rented a small room. A friend sold me a beef on time, and, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, with steel and knife in hand and saw lying on my block, went to work cutting up my meat. As people are always looking out for a new place and cheap bargains, I soon had a good number of customers. I paid for my meat and established a good credit with the wholesale dealer. As I was polite and accommodating to my customers, my business flourished. I was then a young man, tolerably good looking and had common sense. I soon found the girls who were going to market for their mas were giving me the preference. My business increased beyond my most sanguine expectations, and in a short time I was running a nice meat cart with a good horse and driver. My business increased for five years, and in this time I had established

a good credit all over the city, and, as I gave the business my entire attention, at the end of this time I had several hundred dollars ahead.

“I concluded I was old enough to marry and had sufficient means to take care of a wife. A young lady who was one of my best customers threw bewitching eyes at me whenever she came in. I discovered that my eyes were wandering towards hers also, and that I could not cut the steak as smoothly as formerly. She invited me to her house, and I was often her escort to parties. My wardrobe must now be replenished and a finer style of goods worn. I soon found myself visiting too much and trusted to one I supposed to be an honest man to attend my shop; but, as I had a good headway and was still making some money and paying all my debts, concluded I had better take that girl to be my wife. I proposed and she accepted. As she had been doing all the courting and her mind was made up before I fell in love with her, the time set for our marriage was short. So one evening—

“When the moon was shining silver bright,  
And the stars with glory crowned the night”—

a reverend sir, in presence of a gay and festive

party, made us husband and wife. I soon realized that I had started on a double career of life, and I had to pull the longest end of the singletree. Well, I had procured a nice boarding house, with comfortable room.

“The next morning I went to my shop with bright hopes and glowing prospects ahead of me. I struck the steel faster, sharpened the knife quicker and run the saw through the hard bone without saying a bad word. Yes, I was happy.

“Not long after we were married my wife wanted a new dress, and, although she had been in the habit of making her own dresses before our marriage, she must have it made by a fashionable dressmaker. This I thought was a bad start towards housekeeping, but it was wife, and she must have her way. She commenced wearing her Sunday shoes every day, and a pair a month was a small allowance, as she had her daily trips to make down street to look in the show windows to see the fashions. A new bonnet was the next demand, after the Parisian style and at a cost of ten dollars; but it was all wife, you know, and I had to foot the bill. By hard work and strict economy in

a business way, I kept in sight of my accounts, until one day my dear wife persuaded me to buy a bicycle, saying I could go so much quicker to the shop and to and from my meals with speed. So I took her advice and bought me an eighty dollar wheel and sped from house to shop, feeling happy over the sport, for it has a fascinating charm nothing can break but a broken man. I had a little to my credit after buying the bike, but not sufficient to pay all my bills. Wife seeing some nice ladies spinning up and down the street, and listening to their exaggerated praise of the sport, caught the craze and I had to buy her one. Since I purchased the wheel for her, she has done little but ride. The purchase of the two wheels and the time consumed upon them finds me today with my shop closed, my fixtures sold, myself and wife out of employment, and my creditors continually knocking at the door calling for their dues. Upon a balance of my accounts I find myself one thousand dollars worse than nothing, except the two wheels, which we have run to the country and nominally sold to a friend. No, we would give up everything and go ragged

before we would part with our darling wheels. Although they have brought bankruptcy to us, we shall cling to them with a death like grasp."

As we have given the four standpoints of the bicycle, we will now commence an allegory.

# BICYCLE ROAD TO HELL.

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## AN IMPOSSIBLE JOURNEY.

Under this last title, "An Impossible Journey," Col. Hennebert contributes an article to *La Natura*, Paris, May 23, a criticism of the proposition, which it seems has been made in France with some show of seriousness, to travel from place to place in a straight line by tunneling beneath the earth's surface instead of following along the surface, which compels us at present to move in a curve. Such a tunnel, although occasionally straight, would be down hill for half its length and up hill for the remaining half; hence, most of the distance could be covered by means of gravity alone. Col. Hennebert concludes that this project is impossible of realization, for reasons which will appear from the following extracts translated from his article. After allusions to Jules Verne's fantastic tale, "A Journey to the Center of the Earth," he goes on to say:

“This geographical romance is charming from one end to the other, but it is, after all, only a romance ; and since people will persist in desiring to penetrate the mysteries of the interior of our planet, it is best to disabuse these curious adventurers. The best plan to dampen their ardor, by means of a curative douche, is to demonstrate to them mathematically the impossibility of a journey of this kind ; an impossibility that should have been revealed to them by their own intuition.”—*Literary Digest.*

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The colonel must have been a bicyclist, as they are the only ones who are studying speed to the exclusion of every other thought. They have advocated the building of bicycle roads by the government, and, of course, they must be straight, hard and down hill ; so graded that gravity should take the place of force.

Well, let us see where this bicycle road would start to get to the center of the earth. In the United States it would have to start in New York city, as they have the greatest number of bicycles and Wall Street money to

build the roads. They must go down five miles below the earth to get a start on the straight line. They would then commence subterranean, for above this line it would not be subterranean. They could never get there. But, to carry out the romance, we will suppose that they have gotten there. They commence their road on an incline plane; the descent must be in proportion at least to the greatest descent of our most rapid streams, say one foot to the mile and four thousand miles to the center.

Now the earth turns at a little more than one thousand miles per hour, a faster speed than the expert wheelman can travel, though he has taken all the best prizes in this country and Europe.

#### ALLEGORY.

We suppose that the tunnel or bicycle road is completed to the center, but long before we get there a sickening, sulphurous smoke greets our nostrils. We wish to turn back, as it is getting uncomfortably hot, but we are going at the rate of one thousand miles an hour on "a fad." And this brings to mind a story of a celebrated preacher who entered an asylum and

saw a lunatic galloping around the room. On asking him what he was doing, he replied, "I am riding."

Says the minister, "A horse?"

"No; a fad. Don't you know the difference between a horse and a fad?"

The minister said, "What is the difference?"

The lunatic replied, "When you ride a fad you can't get off; when you ride a horse you can." And he continued galloping around.

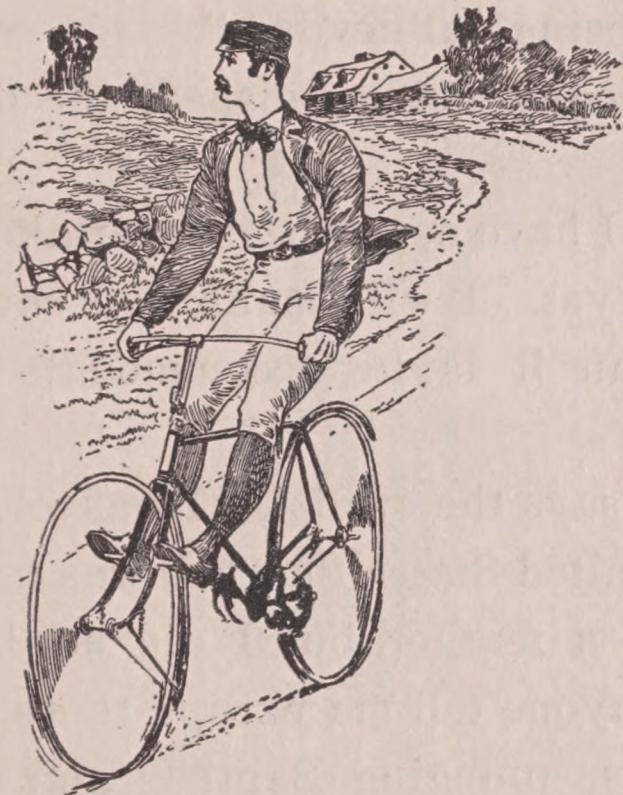
This sulphurous smell is accounted for by scientists, who tell us that the center of the earth is a liquid fire. They have established a hell, if they know nothing of heaven.

The cyclist commences soliloquizing:

"It is a beautiful speed, but a destructive end. What shall I do—pass into hell? Well I suppose I will get through and pass out the other side, as they say the same impetus downward will carry me upward."

The cyclist is consoled at the happy thought as downward he doth go. But before entering hell he must pass through the devil's gate. There is a gate in hell as well as in heaven; but the devil keeps his own gate and the keys, while St. Peter keeps the gate and the

keys of heaven. The devil is the judge as to who shall enter his domain; and as we are told he never turned anybody or soul away, presume he will not turn a cyclist away. In this respect he may be more hospitable than St. Peter, for it is said of St. Peter that he says to many, "Depart, ye cursed; I never knew



you." The devil has a large acquaintance, for he knows everybody, even to the New York cyclist. Pardon this digression and we will come back to the main subject.

The devil to bicyclist:

"I thought I was getting my country filled up pretty fast, but you fellows up there have

outwitted me and are sending them at the rate of a million a day. At this rate my kingdom will soon be filled up with those trifling foreigners. Well it has been said of me that I was crafty, subtle. It was said of old Herod, that good old saint of mine, that he was out-Heroded; but bless my soul, I never heard of the devil being out-deviled."

The colloquy being finished, the devil proceeds:

"Well, I have never been overtaken in my craftiness yet. I will make hell seven times hotter than it is to accommodate the cyclist."

"But," says the cyclist, "I was told before I left the United States that hell was hot enough to scorch a feather, but I did not believe it; nor did anyone tell me except those shouting Methodists, plunging Baptists and others of the same ilk. But men of enlarged views, profound thought and deep learning, such as Tom Paine, Voltaire, Huxley, Darwin, and other great and learned scientists, told me that the earth was solid--there was neither hell or heaven. Darwin said we were all monkeys and it would be an act of cruelty to burn them."

“Mr. Cyclist, I have listened to your logic, and I have heard it before. Do you not know that I put that idea into their heads and told them to ventilate it? Did no one tell you there was a hell and that it was presided over by his satanic majesty?”

“Yes those old straight laced Presbyterians told me so, but you see I did not believe them.



HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

So I thought as the way was straight and the road smooth and inclined, I would take a spin down here and see for myself. I ought to have brought my x-rays with me and taken a shadow of the place, which would have been all sufficient.”

Let me introduce to you His Satanic Majesty, the Devil.

Devil: "I wish to show you a little more of my country. You are now in the upper department of my kingdom. It may be uncomfortably warm for you, even at this height, as you came from that beautiful, rich and balmy country where you were fanned by the gentle zephyrs and breathed the odor of the rose. That is God's country. Where did you say you were from? New York city, sir? I supposed so, for you are already black all over. Sulphur won't make you any blacker. I have lots of friends there, but they are coming a little too fast on these cycles."

The devil addresses the fire builders: "Stir the fires! Did I not tell you to make them seven times hotter! Now make them seventy times as hot, for the New Yorkers are coming, and you know we have a large immigration to prepare for. This city alone sends us more immigrants than all Europe sends to America."

"Well, Mr. Cyclist, I want to inquire something about the South and West of your country. How is cycling going on there?"

"The South has not taken so much to the cycling. There are too many of those people left after the war whom we cyclists call old fogies. They object to the girls riding cross-wise; say they have lost their modesty and look too much like the wild eyed, badly behaved and brassy faced 'New Woman.' As they have always been taught to keep their skirts down and not let them fly in the air—and this you know is an impossibility—they are down on the bicycle; besides they think 'tain't decent. The members of the church don't exactly sanction the sport; they say it is demoralizing, it is leveling. The mistress and the maid have equal privileges. You know before the war, they all owned negroes, and they can't stand the social equality feature. But, sir, the cyclists are doing pretty well in Atlanta, Memphis, New Orleans, and have started a good trade in Little Rock. Little Rock is a very tony place. We have several of the leading members of society patronizing our fad.

"By the way, Mr. Devil, don't you know that fads always take best with fools."

Devil: "That is a little pointed, but as I presume you are a man of some intelligence,

and have the air of a plutocrat, I will let you tell your own story without further interruption."

"Well, I said the citizens of Little Rock were tony. They are like the boy who put on his father's clothes, and declared by the act that he was a man. Now Little Rock is putting on the clothes of New York. They are much too large for her; but if she is as fast in developing as the fast woman is in leading society, it will not be long before she is full fledged, and we shall be proud of her."

Devil: "Let me interrupt you, Mr. Cyclist. I have noticed of late that the immigration from that place has been increasing, but did not know the cause--thank you for the information. By the by, I thought I knew everything that was going on in that terrestrial sphere, but find the people have gotten ahead of me. I told you that Herod had been out-Heroded, but the devil had never been out-deviled. I shall have to take that back, for this invention I know nothing of; it is a new feature in my philosophy. I thought I was posted with the great advancement in science."

“Yes, I studied Brown-Sequard’s ‘Elixer of Life,’ and thought it a good thing for me, as the old fellows who had been burning so long had begun to grow accustomed to the flames and were not wriggling so much. So when Sequard brought that great experiment to perfection I had a great syringe made to inject the elixer, but found there was no material to manufacture the stuff, as there was neither sheep nor dog in my whole domain. I had forgotten that when I was driven out of heaven that the place I was to occupy was to be the place of departed souls of women and men such as I. Chemistry in your country has made rapid strides. They have invented a chemical fire extinguisher; but let me tell you, my friend, that all the chemicals on earth combined would not extinguish one spark in hell. No, sir; I am still master of the pyrotechnic department, and I will allow nothing but red rays of heat in my domain.

“Mr. Cyclist, I see you are on two wheels; pray give me a description of that new invention. It must be the latest fad of the nineteenth century.”

“Yes, sir; we had to push it up, as you know the twentieth century is near at hand, and wiseacres tell us that the men of the twentieth century will cut off all fads and theories and pass such laws as Moses had.”

Devil: “Stop, my friend, you must take off your hat when you speak of Moses. We have great respect for him all over my domain. He was a brave and good man. I was present when he was on Mount Pisgah and was standing by his side all those days and nights, and can testify that he never closed his eyes, or ate bread, or drank water. I heard him read to the good spirit what he had written on those tablets of stone. I went with him down the mountain and saw him when he was in a passion and broke the stones. I knew what those wicked Israelites had been doing. They had made the golden calf and were worshiping it just as you Americans are doing in America today. You worship the goldbug; they, the calf. The worship is the same in either case. I thought when he broke the tablets I would get Moses and all the Israelites, but God did not deliver him into my hands.”

Cyclist: “Did you say you were there?”

“Yes; why not? I have always been invited to royal courts, and been present at the crowning of every king and queen in the world. So well toasted was I that I became vain and dared to walk by the side of the greatest King this world ever saw or ever will see. This King was so calm and meek that I deigned to speak to Him. He treated me courteously, and talked with me awhile. He answered all my questions so complacently that I dared ask Him to worship me. He waved His hand and with a smile said, ‘Get thee behind me, satan, for it is written: Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.’ I quietly moved behind and went my way. This was the last time I tempted Him, and, had I done as He directed me, I should have released every prisoner in hell and followed Him; but my ambition was to keep my kingdom, enlarge my boundaries and contend with Him for the supremacy of the government of the world. Now this man was the second Moses, but He was much greater than Moses, for I knew them both well. Now, Mr. Cyclist, let me tell you how I saw Moses when he stood on Mount Pisgah. Here I saw

the great lawgiver, looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse--behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, a land in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving yet never advancing, reaping no harvests and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below saw only the flat, sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bound on every side by a near horizon or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand, on a far lovelier country, following with his eye the long course of fertilizing rivers through ample pastures and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and havens and pointing out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Bersheba."

Cyclist: "I see, Mr. Devil, you are quite eloquent when you speak of Moses. How is it that such eloquence should have been put into a mouth as vile as yours?"

Devil: "Eloquence! That is the strongest force I have for evil, and, as you know, I am second in power in all the earth, combining all

the wisdom and the evil of a rebellious people, shall I not be permitted to use this strong force? Do you not know that I have given your great men, your congressmen, your stump speaking politicians and lawyers, this eloquence? Listen to what beautiful lies they tell you. Are they not clothed in gilt edged words and well turned sentences? I have taught them poetry, and sometimes they quote sacred hymns. This I have never told them to do, but I have more respect for my honorable enemies than they have.

“Let us stop speaking of Moses and his laws, for I should become so eloquent that I would have a revival in hell. Now, Mr. Cyclist, it seems strange to you that I, a devil, should allow my thoughts to penetrate the spiritual world. Let me tell you that ever since I was cast out of heaven I have been lamenting my lost estate. You know I wanted to be first there, and I was made last. This spirit of rebellion has been perpetuated in me ever since, and I still want to be supreme ruler of the universe; but I can’t.

“Now, Mr. Cyclist, I will tell you the plain truth, for you can tell nothing but the truth

here. You can lie to come here, but you can not lie to get away. You know Dives had to tell the truth when he spoke to Abraham, for we allow nothing else here. If old Dives could have lied out he would have done so and gone straight to Abraham's bosom, and poured his eloquence into his ear and made him believe hell was a splendid place, which you know would have been a big lie. No, sir; people come here by lying, but they cannot fool me, for you know I am the father of lies and not to be deceived, even by my elect.

"Now, Mr. Cyclist, let us come back to the material world, as this is my world. I have great respect for the spiritual world, as you have seen, but no power in that domain whatever. Their thoughts are higher than my thoughts, and their ways past finding out by me. Mr. Cyclist, did you know that spiritual court is the only court of which I am not the presiding officer? I'll take that back, Mr. Cyclist, there is a court on the earth, formed by the old straight laced, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. They have four courts, to none of which I have been invited. Indeed, those fellows have a cordon drawn around their courts, and

they admit none but the faithful, who cry with a loud voice, 'Perseverance of the saints.' There are other courts equally good, but sometimes I have to send a policeman from hell to quiet a riot. This riot sometimes occurred at a camp meeting, and as I caused the riot by sending whisky-men there to give them spirits below, I had to quell it for fear I should not have another chance at the next meeting. While we are on the subject of camp meetings, Mr. Cyclist, let me give you my experience about them.

"Fifty years ago—you see that I have been keeping up with them to date.

"You spoke of Little Rock. If my memory serves me right, that place is in Arkansas; but let me look at my map, as it is an out of the way state. Yes, I see.

"Well, agreeable to my record, fifty years ago they had old fashioned meetings, called camp meetings because there were neither church nor houses for a considerable distance around. They selected an eligible spot of ground near some spring surrounded by large trees that gave an abundance of shade, which was needed, as these

meetings were held in the early fall. Among these trees and close to the spring the camps were pitched, which gave the name, "camp meeting."

"I had but few immigrants from Arkansas fifty years ago. They were pioneers, having vast flocks of sheep, cattle and hogs. They were sons of the soil. Every man had as much of this world's goods as he desired. The women were all buxom lasses; even the older women of that day were younger than the youngest of this. So you see fashion, fads and follies had not crept into that state as they had in the eastern states. They had no money, nor did they desire it; for their mothers and fathers, who were generally of the Methodist persuasion, taught them that the love of money was the root of all evil. Yes, sir; these were primitive people. They had never heard of any other law than the two laws of the Bible. The last law given by Him, whom I told you was greater than Moses, was the law they adhered to, because this law taught them universal love—that you were to love your enemies, and do good to them which hate you. Moses' law, you know,

did not teach you to love your enemies; for it told the Israelites to go forward into the promised land and slay men, women and children."

"Stop, Mr. Devil! Could any man be a good man, as you say Moses was, and devise such cruel acts?"

Devil: "I thought it was cruel for me to be driven out of heaven, but you see I have learned better. It was only retributive justice. Suppose the archangel of hell should revolt against me, what do you suppose I would do? Cast him out of hell? No, sir; that would allow him to establish another hell and divide immigrants with me. I would just confine him in that cell the Methodist preacher, Brownlow, said all the Baptists were in--the lowest pit. Brownlow told a big lie when he told that, but he got forgiveness for it, for, though long since dead, he has not put in his appearance here."

"Those denominational people up there think I get a great many of every denomination but their own. In this they are very much mistaken, for I get none of any denomination but the hypocrites, and they are not near so many as they think. If they will all abide by the

tenets of their church, they will never come here.

“But let us return to the old camp meetings of Arkansas. They were the worst enemies I had in that state. The people would come together and be made happy, for they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, as they were on that memorable day of Pentecost, where I lost so many souls. This happy mood was not caused by undue excitement: it was holy fire that came down from heaven and lighted all around.”

Cyclist: “Mr. Devil, you spoke of the camp meetings in Arkansas. You seem to be more interested in church meetings and Christian gatherings than in any other kind of meetings. Do you get more immigrants from them than you do from all the other various meetings on earth?”

“No, sir; fewer by far. But, Mr. Cyclist, you see I’m only sounding your intelligence. There is a secret society up there that has been in existence ever since Moses’ day. It is called Masonic.

Cyclist: “Have you ever been in one of their lodges?”

“No, sir. I tried once to get into one and I met a man at the door. He had a sword in his hand. When I saw it I jumped back, for I was frightened. I mustered up courage enough to ask him why he was so particular about matters. He said, ‘I was placed here to guard the entrance of the same, and to see that none pass or repass without permission of their officers.’

“I asked, ‘What are the conditions for entrance?’ He told me I would have to make application in writing, and in the application I was to state that I was free born, of lawful age, and of good report among the best citizens. This I told him I could not do, so he just replied, ‘You are an evesdropper,’ and at these words he thrust his dagger at me, and had I not quickly transformed myself into a spirit, would have pierced me through. Yes, sir; there would have been a dead devil right there if I hadn’t made a precipitous retreat. This was at the opening of that first lodge, and I have never been nearer than two thousand miles of one since.”

Cyclist: “Do you never get any of those Masons down here?”

“Precious few, sir. Their obligations are of a most sacred character, as binding as the laws of Moses, and the penalty equally severe.”

Cyclist: “Don’t any of them violate their obligation?”

“I told you a few. I get those who violate their obligation, for they are expelled from the order and driven into hell.”

“Do you torture them more than others?”

“Yes, sir; I burn them into ashes, and take those ashes and scatter them to the four winds of heaven, that there be neither name or trace of so vile a creature as he. He was not fit to live on earth, and too bad to stay in hell.”

Cyclist: “Mr. Devil, I have asked you about some of the denominations. I will now interrogate you more fully of the Episcopaliens?”

Devil: “The conversation we have had I thought was full enough to satisfy any inquiring mind. I told you that all their creeds were good enough, if they would only adhere to them. I repeat it here. Some of the outsiders of their church object to their royal robes and their liturgy. There is nothing in

their liturgy that any Christian cannot endorse. As to their robes, it looks a little monarchical to you Americans, but you must recollect that theirs is a spiritual kingdom. They acknowledge a Great King, who presides over all the universe, and if they put on these holy robes they sever themselves from all earthly connection, and while thus engaged could not tell you the color or the material of which they are made. They simply represent the higher courts. They choose their company, and they have a right to do so; for no one would like to take a disagreeable person into their family.

“But, Mr. Cyclist, these Christians worry themselves over many small things, like Martha. It only shows that

“‘There are many men of many minds  
And many birds of many kinds.’

They are Marys; they have chosen that better part that shall not be taken from them. You see, Mr. Cyclist, that I can quote Scripture. It may surprise you when I tell you that I am better acquainted with that book than all the combined preachers in the universe. I have every sentence of it by heart. Why should I

make this declaration? Plain enough. If I did not understand all the laws in that book, how could I tell when any of them were violated?

"I have told you several times that God was the lawgiver and I the lawbreaker. There are various interpretations of this law or laws. Why not? There are differences in intellect. Indeed, no two things are made alike. If there had been no differences in minds, where would have been the necessity for laws?

"Mr. Cyclist, let us stop this conversation, at least for a while, and speak of some of my boys up there? Tell me something about my saloonkeepers."

"Well, Mr. Devil, I am well acquainted with all of them in New York city. You see, I belong to an aristocratic family, and we are allowed to go where we please. I have been at many entertainments at Delmonico's. This is the most fashionable resort for all the gents in the city. Why? Because they can get drunk faster and stay drunk longer than any other place. By making your appearance once there you have a *carte blanc* to go to all the lowdown groggeries you can find. You

see that whenever a gentleman gets endorsed by Delmonico, he is a gentleman everywhere; just as a woman is privileged to ride a bicycle when it is endorsed by a stylish lady. You get a badge from Delmonico."

Devil: "What is that badge?"

"A red nose and a protuberant belly."

Devil: "Go on. I sent him that from hell. There is nothing so pretty as a broad, red nose. It reminds me of my fire."

Cyclist: "In his name we fight all the battles with the widows and orphans and those temperance people, whom we think have more brass than brains."

"Stop, Mr. Cyclist! Didn't I tell you that you must speak respectfully of your honorable competitors? Please don't let me have to remind you again. Those men and women are doing some good for their people, but some of their number are a little too zealous and a big bit too impudent. They want to take the lion by the beard and use his whelps as they please. They have never got the lion by the beard. I am the lion, and my name up there is Whisky. They abuse the whisky sellers and want to enter their house and destroy

their property without compensation. Do you blame the men for rebelling and having the women arrested and brought to trial? What right have they to destroy private property when the laws of the state give them license and guarantee them protection. But let me tell you, Mr. Cyclist, some of those men who sell whisky are as honest as those who don't. They are much more decorous and persuasive in their manners than some of those women, who ought to have been at home nursing their babies."

Cyclist: "Stop, Mr. Devil! Those women don't have babies; they are too smart for that. When you talk about babies I see you are a long ways behind the wonderful advancement in woman surgery. The doctor just fixes them so they never have babies."

Devil: "Has that been since Brown-Sequard's invention to make them have babies until they were as old as old Sarah, Jacob's wife?"

Cyclist: "I think, if my memory serves me, it was about thirty years ago since the great Tate, of England, proposed to stop the child bearing age and stop the increase of pop-

ulation, at least of all the finer breed. He said it was both painful and vulgar to have children."

"Stop, Mr. Cyclist! I am better acquainted with the law than he; for the law says they must multiply and replenish the earth. If that sort of a thing is to go on, hell would soon be depopulated and man and woman would be no more."

"Now, Mr. Devil, I see you are an old fogey. You have not kept up with the wonderful improvements and inventions of the age. You see when Tate commenced his scientific operations in England, it was but five days before it was made known to some of our very smart sons of Esculapius, and they went to work and bought them a chair and fitted up an office *a la mode de Paris*, provided themselves with a thousand instruments they had no use for, nor never will. They put this sign upon their doors, "Come in without knocking." Having been accustomed to enter a doctor's office whenever I wished to consult him, I of course entered without knocking. The doctor politely informed me that I was an unwelcomed visitor, as his office had been fitted up for women and

girls alone. So I waved my hand and bowed my head in a manner that no one could do but a cultivated, refined and polite New York lawyer, and asked him to excuse me.

“The next time I passed this office I saw the sign had been changed a little so as to read, “Come in without knocking—no one admitted but women and girls who wish to be unsexed.” I tarried a while to see who was going into that scientific butcher’s pen, and to my great surprise I saw the wife of the judge of my court. This appalled me somewhat. But knowing that I was not a surgeon, if I was a humanitarian and philanthropist, I said nothing. Soon after I saw a beautiful young lady, with whom I was well acquainted. I said she was beautiful, for she had a beautiful suit of long, glossy, dark hair; her eyes were dark and sparkling; her face flushed with the crimson of health; her figure perfect, and her step elastic; giving every evidence of both health and beauty. Both of these ladies passed under my supervision for some months and I had ample opportunity of seeing the change. Well, sir, the married lady, the judge’s wife, had grown corpulent, lazy; had lost her energy,

her characteristic wit and brilliant repartee which used to so delight her husband and friends. She had lost all taste for society, which, you know, was very mortifying to a judge of superior talent and cultured manners, qualifications so necessary in our country to perpetuate himself in office. The young lady had become pale, haggard, worried and worn, with nothing but a shadow of her former self. Both had undergone that damnable operation of Tate's. I use strong language to express my feelings in the matter of unsexing good women and letting bad men go free. No, Mr. Devil, if they had proposed such an operation for men to cure them of the greatest of their social evils, they would have been tarred and feathered and drowned in the Hudson river for fish to feed upon, and this would have been too good for them; they ought to be burned with our physical fire, which, though not as hot as yours, is sufficiently so to consume all their rotten carcasses."

"Mr. Cyclist, did you not say when you first came here you were on an exploring expedi-

tion and that you had found a shorter road to the center of the earth?"

"Yes, sir; and I have."

Devil: "Let me quote to you a little verse that you may ponder over at your leisure. 'Tis this:

" 'When chance passes frequently over,  
It at some time finds,  
Conceit takes the shorter road,  
Wisdom the longer.'

"Mr. Cyclist, as you say you are of an aristocratic family, and sometimes I see you do not speak well of your competitors whose records are not quite as good as your own, let me give you a little advice. In endeavoring to disparage them, you but lower yourself in the opinion of those whose attention you seek to attract. In speaking well of a rival, you add considerably to your own dignity and manliness. You might have learned this lesson before you came here, as many reckless speeches are made in your court and much ill feeling engendered by not observing this simple law."

BICYCLE WOMEN.

“They are a people of fierce countenance, which do not regard the person of the old, nor show favor to the young.

“The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot” upon a bicycle “for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward her daughter.”

I have quoted the fifty-sixth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy to show what effect the bicycle has upon the tender mother and delicate wife.

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Devil to Cyclist: Mr. Cyclist, you observed that when you were speaking of the doctors that I turned my right ear towards you that I might hear every word you had to say of them. In all the conversation we have had, this astounds me most, and I was about to throw up my hands and cry, ‘Jerusalem and Gen. Jackson!’ But as I had tried to teach you that there was strict order in hell and no enthusiasm allowed, I desisted from the act. But, Mr.

Cyclist, what excites me more than all the advances in science and medicine is the thought that such good men should have become so bad of late, and that I had been getting an increase in numbers for the last twenty years. But I laid this to natural causes, not to crime.

“Mr. Cyclist, do you not know that after Adam’s family began to increase, the babies began to have colic on account of Mrs. Adam eating too many grapes?”

At the word *grapes* Cyclist cries out: “Grapes are a bad thing to eat. The doctors say the seeds lodge in the bowels and give people appendicitis, which is a very dangerous disease, and the bowels have to be opened to get them out. We have quit eating that luscious fruit and gone to making wine of them, as they did in olden times.”

Devil: “What fools they be. It was the choice fruit in the Garden of Eden. Why, sir, that was the prettiest thing Moses saw when he looked over into the promised land. You know Joshua and Caleb brought large bunches of them over to the Israelites in the wilderness, and the old folks just ate them up and they

didn't put 'their children's teeth on edge,' as the politicians say they do in your day.

"Now, Mr. Cyclist, agreeable my learning--and you know I am next to the Great Lawgiver--at the formation of Adam's first government, he found that it was necessary to select three men of great wisdom and learning, which should form a superior court. He said there must be no more, as a multiplicity of men would always produce confusion and he wished to avoid this, so he selected one for each department of his government. He said the functions of theology, law and medicine, honestly and properly carried out, were sufficient for any government.

"The department of theology was to give opinions concerning the soul, the most important part of man. Knowing that there would be dissensions among his children, and their evil passions inflamed, he thought it best to set aside one who was imbued with the same spirit as the theologian, and stood in fear of his God, so that no prejudice would enter his brain. That injustice might not be done to any human being, and that all might have a fair and an honest trial, he established a

branch of his government that was called the law department. There was to be a third man found who was to combine the wisdom of the two, but to have the function of one. To get this third man was a serious job. He had to be a compound man. Well, after looking over all his kingdom, he could find but one man who had wisdom enough to combine the spiritual and the temporal, and advise in both courts, so he called him doctor, 'teacher.' This distinguished title was never conferred on any other living man, except those who were in lineal descent from him. The theologian had to consult him. The lawyer had to do the same. So you see he was the most distinguished of the trio. I hope, Mr. Cyclist, this mantle has fallen on no other. You know Christ dared to dispute with these great and learned men."

"But stop, Mr. Devil! The lawyers say he disputed with them, for disputes never come up in medical courts, and, besides, we lawyers had stolen the title of doctor, and the divine did the same."

Devil: "Well, if they did, it must have been at a time when the old religious doctor was

watching by the bedside of some poor woman on a frosty night, shivering with cold and lost in thought—with not even a cup of coffee to stimulate his ideas or warm his person—with-out compensation or hope of earthly reward—trying to save the body and the soul, while the theologian was comfortably enjoying his well apportioned room, preparing his sermon; the lawyer was in his elegant mansion, with his silver slippers, reading his brief and think-ing of his fee. Do you think it strange, Mr. Cyclist, that Adam should have to search so long for such a man, and did he think that these two good men would ever have thought of stealing this honorable title from so poor, so humble, and yet so wise a man as a doctor?"

"Mr. Devil, I certainly believe Adam must have been deceived in his selection. But, Mr. Devil, agreeable to my reading of ancient his-tory, which was translated from the Hebrew, this government stood for thousands of years and the doctor's supremacy is still acknowl-edged, though it is sometimes very difficult to determine just who they are. The doctor has become a villain, the preacher a hypocrite and

the lawyer a thief. Times have changed, and men and women have changed with them."

"I perceive so, Mr. Cyclist. There is another thing I know, and it is this: Those old, wise, conscientious, truly scientific doctors are called old fogies by young fools."

Cyclist: "Yes, the old preachers who say that Moses did write the five books ascribed to him are old fogies. He is not up to the advance in material theology."

Devil: "Stop, Mr. Cyclist! Moses knew more than all your theologians combined. I know he did. Don't you think I would pay great attention and learn all the laws of the Great Lawgiver when I had to break everyone of them if I could? You have some people on earth who are called fanatics, and I think they are classed in that number. Webster defines fanatic to mean 'one who indulges in wild and extravagant notions of religion.'

"But, Mr. Cyclist, I think if we continue this allegory much longer, they will call it a 'fantasia.' This word is very popular in your age, judging from the number of novels that are written, there being more than all preceding ages. The conclusion I would draw from

this, Mr. Cyclist, is that you are living in a fanciful age, which is little less demoralizing than Tom Payne's 'Age of Reason.' ”

“ But there is more truth than poetry in many sentences we have written.”

Devil: “ Mr. Cyclist, do any of your judges, those learned, influential men, ride the bicycle ? ”

“ Yes, sir; many—some in Little Rock. You see this gives dignity to the wheel.”

The Devil (laughing): “ Dignity, did you say ? Why, they might as well say that a saint from heaven could add dignity to hell by his presence, as to say a judge adds dignity to a demoralizing instrument. Why, an elegant lady of unexceptionable morals and manners could not dignify the abominable thing.”

Cyclist: “ When you spoke of doctors, you said nothing of the ‘ doctorines.’ ”

Devil: “ Who are ‘ doctorines ? ’ I never heard of them.”

“ They are women doctors; they are abortionists, seance workers, Christian scientists, and massage women.”

“ Stop ! Let me look at my dictionary and see if I can find out what those words mean.

(Devil looks.) They are not in my dictionary."

"Oh! no; you will find them in Webster's last unabridged."

Devil: "Let me tell you, Webster has more words in his old dictionary than I have ever learned, and as I cannot find them I will just let them pass and take your version."

Cyclist: "Mr. Devil, what will become of them when they die?"

"I told you there were neither children or fools in hell. The abortionist I will get, for she is a criminal. The others are fools, and will be excused.

"Now, Mr. Cyclist, you have said nothing about the Jews. Have you none in New York?"

"Yes, sir; many thousands who call themselves Jews, but they are not, for they do not stick to Moses. They are skeptics and infidels by a large majority. They have control of all the dry goods establishments. They never work. They are never poor. They are not found in jails, never in penitentiaries, never go to any church, have no Sundays, always keep well dressed, have plenty of time for amuse-

ments, live in fine houses and eat fine food, getting into politics and controlling elections."

Devil: "Mr. Cyclist, how is all this? Who gave them such privileges?"

"I'll tell you how. They have practiced a system of lying, and have become so perfect in their trade that they can make the wisest man believe that he is a liar. They can outlie the lawyers, and that gives them the supremacy in any government. They can make a New York lawyer think he is a liar. You see they teach it to their children as soon as they can lisp."

Devil: "You say they are all merchants. Do they never get broke?"

"Yes. When they owe a Gentile a large lot of money, and wish to swindle him out of it, they will break today in the firm name of Jacobs and open on the other side of the street tomorrow under the firm name of Moses."

Devil: "Well, you say those fellows are infidels?"

Cyclist: "I should suppose so. What do you suppose will become of them, Mr. Devil?"

"Well, they have never acknowledged a Christ, except as a bad man, which those

sort of Jews crucified. They think they have no need of a Savior, for they don't want to be saved from their sins—it would interfere greatly with their trade. They could not lie, and, as they think this the greatest privilege given to man, they want no higher honors."

"But, Mr. Cyclist, I know Moses' law and those fellows will have to acknowledge that Savior before they are saved, and they will, for they are doing so in New York. Is that not so, Mr. Cyclist?"

"Yes, they have a large church and are increasing rapidly. A converted Jew has gone to Russia, and is doing a wonderful work amongst them. What will become of the good Jews that obey the laws of Moses?"

"Oh, they will never come here; they are the best people in the world."

"Mr. Cyclist, did you never read some lines written up there by some good poet on 'Retribution?' He says,

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.

Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

"Mr. Cyclist, I wish to quote another line or two of poetry, if for nothing else than to show

you, devil that I am, I have some appreciation of the beautiful. I will give you a few lines from that inspired poet of yours, Campbell :

“ ‘ Lochiel! Lochiel! Though my eyes I should seal,  
Man cannot keep secret what God would reveal.  
’Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.’

“ If what you have told me be true of your people, and I know you dare not lie, what will be the substance of those things ? ”

“ Why, sir, that fire that is to come down from heaven and burn up the earth is near at hand.”

“ In speaking of burning up the earth, Mr. Cyclist, do you think it means the earth that is eight thousand miles in diameter and twenty-four thousand miles in circumference ? ”

“ Yes, Mr. Devil, isn’t that the whole earth ? ”

“ Not in that sense, Mr. Cyclist. You know five miles below the earth’s surface all vestige of fossil remains disappear. Now it is only the things God made for man before his creation and man himself that will be destroyed, and it would not take a fire five miles high to do that. No, sir; my kingdom will stand when suns and moons will wax and wane no

more. After this destruction God will start another population, which I hope will be much better than any that have ever lived on the earth."

Cyclist: "Why, Mr. Devil; don't you want any more in your domain?"

Devil: "No, sir. Don't it say there shall be a new heaven and a new earth? All the spirits in hell will be burned up, even to the modern bicycle immigrants, and I shall be left alone. But my walls will not be torn down, nor my fires quenched; neither will the brightness of heaven or the glory of God be dimmed, nor will one hair of his saints be scorched, nor will one groan escape their lips for the destruction of that wicked world, for you know He says so. The saints on earth will rejoice to see that day, but the sinner will call on the rocks to hide him. Yet, sir, the rocks will melt before him, as does snow before a mid-summer sun. Remember these words, Mr. Cyclist: 'Nature is a revelation of God; art, a revelation of man.'

"Now, Mr. Cyclist, as you said you did not believe there was either heaven or hell, I will quote a line from 'Merchant of Venice':

“ ‘Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.’

“ Well, Mr. Cyclist, you have told me something of the Protestant churches. Tell me something of the Roman Catholic church.”

Cyclist: “ There is some difference between them. The Romanists are not exactly in conformity with our free institutions. We do not believe that there are but two ruling spirits—God and your honorable self.”

Devil: “ That’s so, sir. Who dares to say to the contrary ? ”

“ The Romanists, sir.”

“ Who do they say the other is ? ”

“ The pope of Rome.”

“ Why, I thought that city had been destroyed long ago ; so says my geography. At the time of its destruction, was not the pope destroyed with it ? ”

“ I suppose he was. But this pope is one of his descendants, and as the first was infallible, the last will be also. And, as you see we Americans do not recognize any temporal authority except our President, their belief in the supremacy of the pope is giving us a little trouble, particularly in this election year. A party has grown up and has become quite

numerous, who are bitterly opposed to any Romanist holding office in America. Be this right or wrong, I am unable to say. We know that one of the best patriots the south had during her late unpleasantness was Father Ryan, who wrote so many patriotic songs which breathed the spirit of freedom with such matchless eloquence that even his enemies admired him. So fervent was his zeal in the Confederate cause that, had the pope of Rome sent him an order, signed by his immaculate hand and stamped with the holy seal, he would have recognized no order unless countersigned by Jefferson Davis. No, sir; this holy patriotic father would not have sent a southern Catholic soldier to purgatory, even had it been the pope's orders."

Devil: "I suppose he would like to have had the whole Federal army in purgatory if he had not sent them a little further."

"But he would have released them as soon as they confessed their sins, for he was a lovely, holy man. Mr. Devil, what do you think about purgatory?"

Devil: "I have no knowledge of the country at all, sir. It is not on my map. It may

be a hole in the ground near the surface of the earth, just as there are many sinkholes; but this particular hole you speak of, that you call purgatory, I never heard of before."

"I see, Mr. Devil, you are not as well posted as I thought you were. To know as much as a New York lawyer you must be higher in the pictures. I'll explain. Purgatory is a place in the earth where departed spirits are kept before going to hell or heaven. While there, they can be prayed out if they have money enough. Where a fellow has a long purse it takes some time to move him upwards, and after a long while he is lightened of his bag of silver or gold, and he is sent on his way heavenward. When he arrives at St. Peter's gate, St. Peter asks him where his bag of gold is.

"He says, 'I left it with the priest in purgatory.'

"Then you must go back and get it, sir. No loafers are allowed to pass this gate.'

"So the fellow goes back, finds no money, and has to make his way to hell. What do you do with him, Mr. Devil?"

"Admit him, of course. I turn no one away. I told you I was hospitable.

“When you spoke of doctors, you said nothing of homœopaths. Tell us something of them, Mr. Cyclist.”

“Well, sir, they are a sort of passive people. They do no good or harm with their medicine. They commence with nothing and end with the same. They say they watch nature and let her do as she pleases.”

Devil: “Watch nature, did you say? Why, nature watches herself. Do they charge anything for their watch?”

Cyclist: “Yes, sir; the largest fees of any other doctors, and go in more style.”

“You don’t tell me so, Mr. Cyclist. Why, those persons are fools. Nature never charged anyone for watching her. Those fellows are deceivers. When I get them I will take some of that style out of them. You know, Mr. Cyclist, that it is said that a fool and his money soon part. This is an instance of the truth of the saying.

“Mr. Cyclist, while on doctors, give me a little more of the ‘doctorine.’ You say some are Christian science women. What does that mean?”

Cyclist: "A woman or man who pretends to cure disease by expelling evil spirits by conjuration, prayers and ceremonies."

Devil: "Why, Mr. Cyclist, did you not say you were advancing? This seems to me that the advance is backward, for Shakespeare exposed those people in his day. I think there are many things you have told me you believe new, but they are as old as the hills. But this Christian science, of all advantages taken of ignorance, is the greatest, the most tutelary of morals. It is said, 'Only a woman can understand a woman's ills, but it takes a man to cure them.'"

Cyclist: "Mr. Devil, you recollect you asked me something about your boys, the saloonkeepers, but you did not give me time to draw a picture of one of those 'dives.' This is a place where liquor and women are the predominant characters. To make my description short, I will introduce a scene in one of them, taken from the *Youths' Companion*. It is more comprehensive than anything I could say. You will endorse the truth of it, as it was written by one of those old, conscientious doctors that you yourself say are the wisest

and best men in all Christendom. Here it is. We give it in text:

“‘A few weeks ago I was called to the help of a man who was mortally wounded in one of the dance halls or ‘dives’ of the city (New York). When I had attended my patient, I looked curiously about me. The wounded man lay before the bar, against which lounged some drunken old sots. In the next room a few young men, flushed and bright eyed, were playing cards, while the gaudily dressed barmaids carried about the liquor. But neither the gamblers, nor the women, nor the drunkards paid any attention to the dying man on the floor. They squabbled and laughed, deaf to his groans. The proprietor of the dive, a burly fellow, who had been a prize fighter in his younger days, having seen the police secure the murderer, had gone back quietly to his work mixing drinks. Death apparently had no interest or terror for these people.

“‘Suddenly a little old woman, with white hair, a thin shawl about her, came to the street door. Her appearance produced a startling effect. The besotted old men at the bar put down their glasses and looked uneasy, the card

players hastily shut the door to keep out of sight of her, and the barmaids huddled together in silence, but the change in the brutal landlord was most striking. He rose hastily, and came up to her, an expression of something like terror on his face.

“““Is James here?” she asked gently.

“““No, no; he is not here. I do not know where he is,” he said hurriedly.

““She looked around bewildered, and said: “I was sure he was here. If he comes, will you tell him his mother wants him, sir?”

“““Yes, yes,” he said; and the man urged her out of the door.

““I soon followed and saw her going into another dive and grogshop along the street.

“““Who is she?” I asked of a policeman outside. “Is she in no danger?”

““He shook his head significantly. “They will not harm her, sir,” he said. They’ve done their worst to her. She is the widow of a clergyman, and she had one son, a boy of sixteen years. They lived happy and comfortable enough till he took to going to poolrooms, and then to the variety theater, and at last to these dives here. He was killed in one of

them in a fight three months ago—in that very one you was just in now—and was carried home to her, bloated from drink, covered with blood—and dead. She knows nothing since. She only remembers that he came to these houses, and she goes about searching for him every day. They are afraid to see her. They think she brings a curse on them. But they won't harm her; they've done their worst."'"

Devil: "I have listened to your narrative attentively, and had a devil a tearsack in his eyes, he would let a tear fall on his burning cheek; but you know I told you there was not a drop of water in hell.

"Mr. Cyclist, this makes my heart feel sad. If that old doctor would relate his experience, wouldn't it have more effect than all the temperance speeches that have ever been made? That scoundrel and those women and gamblers I will get, and vengeance is mine, and I will repay. It is a pity I could not send a despatch to the upper world to let that old woman know how I shall treat them.

"Mr. Cyclist, do those men and women you speak of ride the pretty little conveyance you have?"

“Yes, sir; they are the best patrons the manufacturers have. You see, they just take a spin out at night—always at, night for they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. They generally go out about 8 o’clock and return at 12. This is the time all these sort of cyclists come in to get a drink and spend the night in all sorts of revelry. They pick up a good many unsophisticated boys and girls and lead them to this den of corruption, where just such scenes occur as the old doctor gave in his narrative. Suppose I was to tell you, Mr. Devil, that this was happening every night in the city of New York, would you believe it?”

“Certainly, sir; I am prepared to believe anything you may say of New York city that is damnable, for I told you at the start that sulphur would not make them any blacker. I now tell you that charcoal would make a white mark upon many of them.”

Cyclist: “Pastors are lamenting greatly the demoralizing effects of Sunday bicycling. We hear complaints that the young people are becoming so enamored with it as to neglect the church service, the Sunday school, the Chris-

tian Endeavor and prayer meetings. It is causing others to decline in grace and activity. This is a sad state of things.

“But, surely, the evil has not gone so far but that it may be checked and remedied. To this end let parents be on the alert and forbid all improper use of the bicycle upon the Sabbath. Let pastors kindly admonish, rebuke and restrain the offenders. And let Christians discourage all Sabbath desecration in this or any other way.

“Now let us quote the sayings of some of these reverential Sabbath minders and week destroyers:

“‘The bicycle has come to stay. It has become a necessity as well as delight. It is supplanting other modes of locomotion. It is a good thing in its place (if it has a place), proving a measure of recreation, health and business. It has, also, in some directions worked a moral improvement, enticing numbers from the theater, the saloon, the gambling table and other vicious occupations.’

“Now, Mr. Devil, don’t you think the minister who made this pretty little speech for the manufacturer got a bicycle and a thousand

dollars for it? The preacher is riding on the bicycle every night with the girls, and if he is a married man some innocent ma may see in the morning paper that he has escaped with her fifteen year old daughter.

“ ‘ Of all the sights I ever saw,  
’ Twas in the state of Arkansas;  
A preacher on a cycle sped,  
To split the air and cool his head.’ ”

“ Now, Mr. Cyclist, you have given me all the information I desire about New York city, which, you say, is the metropolis of the United States because it has the largest population of any other city in America. This is all so. Now, Mr. Cyclist, as there has never been a place where man could go that woman would not follow him—for if there was no woman there, or one to come soon, he would commit suicide, if he had to hang himself with a bark rope—do you suppose she will be brave enough to take this trip?”

“ Yes, sir; I am looking for one soon.”

The devil casts his eye up the line, and what does he see—something coming at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. He cannot make it out. Is it a man? No. Is it a woman? No.

What is it? As the object draws near, he discovers the dress. It is a bloomer! He says it is not the dress of a man, neither that of a woman. What is it? Can't tell. He looks at the face. Is it a woman? No; it hasn't the features of a woman. The eyes are wild and glassy; it cannot roll them in its head. Its hair is short, like that of a man. Its foot is



long, without any heel. The stockings it has on show no fat, symmetrical calves, the beauty of a woman's leg. The thing seems to be alive. It draws near. It stops—it is a woman! Just as she arrives the lawyer turns his cycle and says: "Good bye, Devil. I have seen enough of you and the center of the earth." And away he goes.

Devil to Woman: "Where are you from?"  
"Chicago, Illinois."

"Ah, indeed! You can give me quite as much information as I got out of the New York lawyer. Did you say you were a woman?"

"Yes."

"A sure enough woman?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you a hybrid?"

"No; I am the new woman."

"I thought so, for of all the women I have in hell, I have nothing like you. You are a new invention on me. I thought I knew all kinds of women and girls from every portion of the globe, but this beats me. The lawyer told me that great advancement was being made in the United States. Are you one of the recent ones?"

"Yes, sir. We have learned to bring the two halves of humanity together and make one, the success of which you have before you. The most wonderful thing about this new woman--or hybrid, as you are pleased to call me -- is that we can propagate our species."

Devil: "I shall have an embargo placed upon the shipping. I want nothing here that God did not make, for I can't tell whether they are good or bad. They are hybrids, and God never made a hybrid. Man makes them. If you can propagate yourself, I shall have to put you off in some uninhabited part of my kingdom and let them send a devil to preside over you. I know nothing about your natures."

"Are you a politician or a temperance lecturer?"

"Both, sir. I am a combination."

"I thought so, M—— shall I say miss, or madam, or man? Please instruct me."

"New woman, sir."

"You say you are a politician?

"I thought so, for they say politics makes strange bedfellows, and I suppose even hybrid women have not ceased to be bedfellows of men."

"No, sir; but on a strict equality."

Devil: "Please tell me something about the female cyclists of Chicago?"

"Well, sir, they are equal in every respect to the women of New York; though I suppose the New York lawyer told you they were

superior, as you know there is a great rivalry between Chicago and New York. This rivalry is not so honorable as it should be. Ever since Chicago got the appropriation for the World's Fair, New York has been jealous of her. Jealousy is an evil passion, as you know, Mr. Devil, and is better developed in the woman than the man. Don't you hear of a great many murders committed by women and men, and that a woman was at the bottom of it?"

"Oh, yes! But jealousy is a divine attribute, for don't the good book say, 'I am a jealous God.' But, She Cyclist, did you not know that love was the foundation of jealousy? You must first love before you can be jealous, for you know God first loved his people before He became jealous of them. Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the success of our enemy; its wages, to be sure of it."

"Now, Mr. Devil, don't you think revenge is the sweetest part of jealousy?"

Devil: "For me it is, for it gets me many a customer that I would otherwise lose. But,

She Cyclist, what does the good book say? 'Love your enemies, and do good to them that hate you.'

She Cyclist: "Don't you think it would take a divine nature for me or any other woman, whose husband has been beguiled away from his bed and board by a pretty, deceitful, frisky, foul mouthed girl; who has left his wife to take care of herself and children, and spends his money in brothels, while his tender, loving, faithful wife stands at the front door on a cold night, shivering, sighing and weeping for this great neglect of her whose soul is wrapped up in him, and who would willingly lay down her life for him in anything, save her virtue, which she holds dearer than life?"

Devil: "You say you are a politician and a temperance lecturer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I perceive you must be a person of much intelligence. And, as I wish to know something more about those 'doctorines' than the lawyer could tell me, for he was very brief and very heavy upon them, I will simply ask you to give me your information."

“With pleasure, sir, as I am one myself, and I am proud of my profession. ‘Doctorines’ are of two classes. The scientific ones have to pass through the training of a regular medical school and get a diploma, as do the males.”

Devil: “Do you learn surgery?”

“Yes, sir; but rarely practice it.”

Devil: “I thought not. What branches do you practice most?”

“Obstetrics.”

“Why?”

“Because we were the first obstetricians on record. You know there is no record of a man’s delivering a woman in the old Hebrew times, for you know Moses, the great leader of the Israelites, was delivered by a woman, and it is more than possible that Gen. Washington, the great leader of the Americans, was delivered by a woman. Midwives were more numerous in those days than in these modern days, when women must be delivered by science. Mr. Devil, if the men had not usurped the high privileges of a woman and had left her to the duties assigned her by her God, there would have been no ‘doctorines.’ Now, Mr. Devil,

if you have kept up with the advances in the United States you have found that man has stolen every occupation woman had, and that in order for her to make a living, she had to join herself to him, which qualified her to share alike with him his high prerogatives. Once she was his superior, now she is his equal. This explains to you the origin and necessity of the new woman."

Devil: "I see; men have become women and women have become man."

Devil: "Don't you think these people will all have to go to purgatory when they die? They can't come here, for we have no place for them."

New Woman: "What do you think of the new woman since I have described her to you?"

Devil: "Well, since you ask a devil's opinion, I will give it to you. Now, as I told the lawyer, one must lie to come to hell, but neither he nor she could lie to get away from here. Everyone has to tell the truth—no exceptions made for women, however beautiful or ugly they may be. You know I am a crusty old bachelor—never had a wife. When I was

kicked out of heaven, no Eve came with me. You know in what estimation an old bachelor is held by the women up there. Just multiply that by a million and you can tell how a devil bachelor is held by them here.

“New Woman Cyclist, do all those ‘doctorines’ take a regular course in medicine?”

“No, sir; some are practicing without license.”

“Do you make no distinction between them?”

“Yes; those that have no diplomas are called classically ‘irregulars;’ vulgarly, ‘she devils.’”

Devil: “But, madam, let us return to the bicycle. You see, I address you as a woman, for I wish to talk to you as a woman. I will ask you a few questions. Have you many female cyclists in Chicago?”

“A multitude.”

“You say they are all new women?”

“No, sir; about seventy-five per cent of them.”

“Who are the other twenty-five per cent?”

“Oh, they are Ruths, ‘beauty;’ and Rosabels, ‘a fair rose.’”

“Who are the seventy-five ‘combination’ women?”

“They are mostly Matildas, ‘mighty battle-maids’—‘heroines.’”

“You have given me a correct history, as it agrees with the outlines of what the New Yorker told me. Another question I have to ask you, madam, and it is one of great interest to me, and one which my mind has been puzzled over ever since you told me that you were not a hybrid. It is this:

“You say that you can propagate your species. What sort of babies do you have?”

“Bicycle babies, sir.”

“What kind are they?”

“Babies without fathers, sir.”

Devil (astonished): “Do they live long?”

“No, sir. They are born out of season, as some of the Israelite children were.”

“Then we have no fear of that population increasing.”

“None at all.”

“I am glad of that, for I did not want to divide my kingdom. What would they call themselves if they were to live—Americans?”

“No, sir; Universalists, for they are spread

over the civilized world. Those parts of the world, as England and France and the United States, where there has been great advancement in science and art, produce the most of them. You see, in these countries the new woman—or combined woman, as you will—has brought together the great leading principles of our natures and harmonized it so as to mean, 'Do as you please, woman.' So you see we have no restraint by the men, and claim nothing of it from ourselves."

Devil: "I will ask you a few more questions, which you need not hesitate to answer, though they may seem to be a little vulgar. As I see you wear a brassy face and a devil's eye, you can make familiar on such subjects. Has bicycle riding by women had a tendency to demoralize woman, to disregard her marital rights, and bring upon herself physical, moral and spiritual turpitude, and has it a tendency to bring the young girls in close proximity with the boys at places?—devil as I am, it makes me blush to call their names. I won't, for I have still some respect for that part of you which looks like a woman. Answer my question truthfully."

Cyclist: "Well, Mr. Devil, it is said you have to make confessions to the devil as to your former life and your secret thoughts. I will tell you the truth. The Woman's Rescue League, a philanthropic organization in Washington, D. C., has commenced none too soon in their crusade against the wheel for women. The statement given by the old doctor in Arkansas knocks the black out, and if the capitalists don't buy up all the leading papers in the United States and throw their criticisms against that little book, the wheel will be blotted out as a thing of the past, with shouts of joy and gladness from every woman's heart."

Devil: "Another question I wish to ask you, madam. I read in the *Times-Herald*, Chicago, this:

" 'It is doubtless true that many young women ride to excess and lay the foundations of future physical ailments of a grave character; but where one woman is so foolish as to do this, a hundred ride the wheel sensibly, decently and healthfully.' "

"Well, Mr. Devil, you ask me my opinion of his remarks. It is this: The editor is an old fashioned man. He is not up to the tricks

of the new woman. As an expert cyclist, who has rode more miles on the wheel than all the editors in Chicago, I give this answer :

“ The reverse of what he says is true, and, had he my experience as to the effect it has had on the young women everywhere, he would have crape upon his door, instead of writing such nonsense—perhaps for a consideration.”

Devil : The *Herald* goes on to say :

“ ‘ It is also doubtless true that to the woman of impure life, the wheel may offer a convenient means for facilitating the execution of immoral designs, but that the pastime itself has a tendency to degrade or demoralize is a proposition too absurd for a moment’s consideration. A woman who will violate the decencies and proprieties of life while wheeling will violate them upon other occasions when the opportunity is offered. Where one woman rides to desecration on the wheel, a thousand ride to good health, and maintain all the decorum, modesty and circumspection that characterize the well bred, self respecting woman from the ideal American homes.’

“ Now, Miss Cyclist—for I can address you in any of the three names—what answer would

you give to the quotation I have just read?"

"I answer I am one of those young ladies of the thousand he speaks of, or, I had better say, I have been one. The wheel has a very fascinating charm for young ladies. One is that they like the sport as they do the round dance, because the gentlemen are permitted to take more liberties than were allowed in olden times. One is that it produces of itself the most pleasurable sensations, known to none but cyclists. Another is that under excitement of this sensation a prudent, modest and virtuous girl may be led astray before she has time to think. Still another, whose nature is bad, has no check put upon her desires, and therefore becomes abandoned in a short time. I have known girls, Mr. Devil, that I thought and believed were as pure as the snow in winter upon our Catskill mountains, led into places and there debauched, and there left to become the vilest of the vile. I myself traveled this road, and can speak from experience. My advice to virtuous young ladies would be to keep off the bicycle."

Devil: "But are there not many women who deny this statement? Don't the very best ladies of your land ride the wheel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are there not in Washington City a very large and respectable class of ladies who do not desire to have children, and if the effects of the cycle accomplishes this end, do you wonder at its being popular with them?"

"They are virtuous, respectable, wealthy, and their husbands are in high positions. But, Mr. Devil, did you not know when a member of congress comes to Washington City it is rulable for him to change his wife for the time being. Both houses of congress have passed this rule. It is not recorded in the transactions which come before the people, but it is recorded upon the tablets of their memories. It is a secret rule which never came to light until Breckenridge, the seducer, was greeted with a kiss by many of the secret rule order."

Devil: "But does familiar association necessarily become immodest?"

Cyclist: "No, sir; but it tends to immodesty."

Devil: “‘There is no doubt that the bicycle has promoted familiar association between men and women. It has in many cases let down a certain amount of restraint which governed women as long as they were accustomed to live more or less secluded in their own homes. But these have not necessarily impaired either the modesty or the virtue of women, as the rescuing ladies of the national capital seem to think and even aver.

“‘Whether this tendency, which may perhaps be called a “commoning” tendency, will go any further remains to be seen. We believe that those women who are modest will be modest still. We are told of a time when a woman would faint if a “strange” man so much as caught a glimpse of her well turned ankle—’”

“Stop, Mr. Devil! Cyclists have no well turned ankles for reasons heretofore given, but we have long since passed that stage of civilization. The modern woman on a bicycle does not faint so easily. No, sir; she does not. For I have seen the most modest of them on a windy day have their petticoats hoisted above the line of demarkation between the upper and

lower extremities without producing a blush, much less a faint."

Devil: "She is a stronger and more sensible woman, but no one but another woman, or set of women, leagued under the name of "Rescuers," would presume to say that she is also more immoral."

"I have read from the *Iowa State Register*. What have you to say of that?"

Miss Cyclist: The editor is either trying to excuse his wife, daughter or friend, or else he knows nothing of the effects of the wheel. I ask you, Mr. Devil, if you were a beautiful girl, modest, refined and cultured, which you would rather be like—the one who fainted at the exhibition of her ankle to strangers, or the one who did not blush when both legs and knees were exposed to the gaze of the vulgar?"

Devil: "Give me the old gal every time."

"But, Mr. Devil, I cannot but think when the editor wrote that article, that if there was a mirror before him, that he saw himself blush to think he had written that which he did not believe. Editors do not always mirror their thoughts to their readers."

Devil: "Now, Mrs. Bicyclist, you said you were the best rider on the wheel in America, and had ridden more miles than all the editors in Chicago."

"Yes, sir."

"Then I presume you have taken a spin down to that place in Arkansas called Hot Springs. Tell me, are there many cyclists there?"

"No, sir. They are too badly diseased to ride the wheel, nor was the disease brought on by cycle riding. I would prefer the cycle deformity to the Hot Springs fever."

Devil: "Did you know that place was said to be only ten miles from hell?"

"Yes, sir. But I think it is nearer than that. Indeed, when I saw the decrepitude, heard the moaning, the weeping and the groaning, and witnessed men and women covered all over with very offensive smelling sores, I thought of poor old Job, whom, you know, was so afflicted that he was covered with sores from head to foot. Yes, sir, I thought this was a physical hell, typical of the place your majesty presides over."

“ Well, Mrs. Cyclist, Hot Springs is one of the mouths of hell. I get a great deal of fuel from that place, but it is so saturated with hot water and the bodies are so rotten they do not make a good flame. Sometimes they make so much steam that I have to open the valves and let it out. This is what is called ‘foul vapors’ up in that city.

“ Now, Mrs. Cyclist, there is another place in Arkansas about which I should like to get more information than the lawyer could give me. I have been looking upon my map and find there is quite a little city in that state called Little Rock, which is a flourishing place of forty thousand inhabitants. It is abreast with all the modern improvements of older cities. It is called the City of Roses in history. This ought to be a lovely place, where one can breathe the pure fresh air, perfumed with the odor of the rose. I hear that it has some of the prettiest girls and loveliest women of any city in the South, and the purest in morals and manners—the seed of the old fashioned, modest, intelligent, beautiful, lovely, sweet old dames that gave such prominence

all over the world to these types of southern culture."

"Mr. Devil, I see you make use of the word 'some.' You use it rightfully. I spent many weeks in Little Rock—weeks of the greatest pleasure I ever spent. It was about a year ago, when the wheel was first being introduced among the better class of ladies; and, as you know the wheel is called the 'commoner,' I had an insight into, and a participation with all classes, from the big fat colored woman to the most cultivated and refined."

Devil: "The big fat wench would furnish a nice picture for the artist."

"The wheel is not so popular in Little Rock—or, indeed, in any portion of the south—as in the north and east. This may be accounted for in two ways. The older ladies in the south were mostly educated and trained by teachers sent out from Massachusetts, that old state which was forming the morals, religions and social qualities of the south. Those ladies were well taught in all that goes to make up the model woman of the world."

Devil: "Hadn't Massachusetts better send south and get some of her old seed and plant

them in some of her filthy, vaporous valleys? Massachusetts has left her moorings, if what you say is true, for Boston is one of the vilest places in the United States."

"The second reason is that there is an innate refinement about southern ladies, furnishing a good stock for Massachusetts to graft her morals and culture upon."

Devil: "Are there many female cyclists in Little Rock?"

"Yes, sir; perhaps as many as you will find in any place of its size, perhaps more. There are some reasons for this. Little Rock is a place where people live up to all their earnings, and many go beyond. It is a wealthy place, for it is in the center of the cotton belt. Cotton, you know, is yet king, and cotton raisers are kings and queens; and if you could see their royal style of dress you would think they were."

Devil: "Are there any of that old Massachusetts seed you spoke of riding a wheel?"

"No, sir; but their daughters are."

Devil: "Do they sanction it?"

"Mr. Devil, I see you are a long ways behind the times. The old ladies must get the

sanction of their daughters. Do you know what that means? To stay at home, do all the work through the week, and get their permission to go to church on Sunday."

"Well, Mrs. Cyclist, how do the wheelers class themselves? You say it is a 'commoner,' but there are classifications in all societies."

"Yes, sir; they classify in Little Rock. You see, all sorts, sizes and conditions of people ride the wheel; and at first it was no new sight to see a large, fat colored woman spinning by the side of her white mistress, and a burly, low grade coachman spinning by the side of his master. This was a little too much social equality for those aristocratic southerners. So they formed a spinning club that they called the 'Lilly Whites.' None could belong to this club who hadn't a character. The negroes seeing this, formed a club they called the 'Rose Bud.'"

Devil: "Stop! Black rose and bad odor?"

"Yes, sir; equal to any of those foul vapors you turn loose upon Hot Springs. The 'Rose Buds' admit the whites who believe in social equality and any other quality that presents itself."

Devil: Are the 'Lilly Whites' increasing very fast?"

"No; fast declining, while the 'Rose Buds' are growing amazingly."

Devil: "What do the members of the church say about female cyclists?"

"They are like the fellow who was ridden on a rail. Either side he fell was better than the rail."

Devil: "Woman, you have listened to the song of the siren, which wooed you but to destroy.

"Madam, I have gotten all the information from you I desire, for Chicago has been noted for its immorality, more particularly since her World's Fair, for then she invited all the devils in the world to show their tricks, which had a very demoralizing effect upon the already demoralized. Strange to say, that Americans, who had enjoyed the reputation of being the most practical, the most honest and the most progressive in true science, religion and the arts, should have been led astray by my wonderful displays of vice and immorality. I tell you, since America has gotten to worshiping heathen gods—for already the Chinese

have set up their images in New York city, and are allowed to worship them in Christian America without fear of molestation—how long will it be before the horns of sin and corruption will blow down their walls, as they did Jericho? How long?

“Before dismissing you, madam, I would like to talk to you about other cities in the west—St. Louis and Kansas City—but as I have had a very agreeable conversation with you and the lawyer, representing the two great intelligences of the two sexes, and also that last invention of woman—the new woman—I suppose they are all of an ilk, and the two descriptions will answer for all. Goodbye, Miss Cyclist.”

“Goodbye, Devil. I shall return to the surface of the earth and give a description of the bicycle road to hell, which I wish to relate in your hearing, lest I should misrepresent. I found the road well graded, at a declention heretofore described. From the time I entered the tunnel things began to look dark; but I could see gaslights and hear the trickling of water from the sides of the earth. I could also hear the shouts of the Democrats when Bryan

was nominated by that party. I have not seen a tree, shrub, rose, lily or any other beautiful thing on the surface. When I had traversed about ten miles, I suppose, from the top, I could hear distant thunder and see vivid flashes of lightning. Things then began to grow darker until the blackness of darkness appeared. This was the last I saw or heard—no music, no song birds warbling in the treetops, nor the sound of the whip-o-will at night; no screaming of the policemen at night; saw no arrests of the poor, famishing men and women for lying on a plank, or stealing a cabbagehead to keep from starving. All these vanished from my eyes, and when I recollected these scenes which passed so often before my eyes, I was glad that the bicycle had fixed my eyes so that I could see nothing but what was ahead of me. Oh! that it had fixed my memory that I never could recur to those dark pictures, so revolting to a sensitive mind."

Devil: "As you know, it is customary for stylish ladies after saying goodbye to stand at the front door or swing upon the gate posts and hold a conversation for an hour, the quintessence of which would not make a sentence

of common sense. By this rule I would ask your permission to detain you a short time by way of apology. I read in a newspaper the following lines:

The Devil reads: “‘As a Wentworth avenue car left Sixty-fourth street the other morning in Chicago, it was noticed that fully half the women were swinging from the straps overhead, while fully half a dozen men were buried in their newspapers on each side of the car. Finally one young man arose and offered his seat to one of the women, and one after another the other fellows did the same, although in a half hearted manner.’

“‘Those were southern young men, who had never forgotten to respect woman, though it was the ‘new woman.’

“‘One young fellow, in a soft hat and knickerbockers, appeared utterly oblivious to what was going on, and he became the object of the angry glances of all the women left standing in the car. The men cast withering glances at him, while the women began a systematic plan of warfare. “Hope he enjoys his paper,” said one fair damsel to her companion, as she shifted uneasily

from one foot to another. Such remarks as, "He doesn't look like an invalid," and "One would think from his appearance he was a gentleman," floated from one end of the car to the other. When the car reached Twenty-second street, the object of all this feminine wrath arose, folded her paper and deliberately alighted. Then it was the passengers discovered he was an up-to-date bloomer girl, and the silence that fell over the crowd could be heard clear to the Board of Trade.

"Now, Miss Cyclist, I wish to know if this is true, or if it is one of those canards so often indulged in by newspaper men?"

Cyclist: "It is true, every word of it."

Devil: "Then you will excuse me for not knowing whether you were a man or a woman, since the inventors of the 'new woman' themselves can't tell which is which. Don't you know it is said of John Gilpin, 'Where he did get up, there he did get down?' Won't the bicycle end the same way, viz, where the manufacturer of bicycles got rich, by the same he shall be made poor?"

"Miss Cyclist, you see by your conversation with me that there are two great forces operat-

ing in every human being of intelligence. These forces are for good or evil. Man is a limited free agent. He can form habits for himself which are for good or evil, but he cannot change or alter any of the natural laws, either of his own person or those of a physical character, without bringing upon himself physiological changes. Now, what I wish to ask you is whether bicycle riding does not bring sad physiological changes upon women who ride them, and whether the statement in the old doctor's book is true or false?"

Cyclist: "The book is founded upon the truth, and every character he has drawn can find its parallel in all the cyclists that are spinning around upon the wheel. The book is founded upon religious thought, and should be read by everyone who has intelligence enough to comprehend his views and honesty enough to apply them. If I had read the book before I fell, I never would have fallen."

Devil: "Don't despair, Miss Cyclist. Haven't you an old hymn book up there which has these lines :

"'While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return?'"

“Yes, sir. But those good old books have long since been laid on the shelf, covered all over with dust. Even the Methodist preachers who used to sing them with whole soul, have ceased to use them any longer, and hymn books with notes for choirs have taken their place. Girls and men can now laugh and make faces while singing without losing their places. They never sing the words, nor even think of them—they sing the notes, after the operatic style.”

Devil: “Miss Cyclist, you say you have led a chequered and romantic life; you can do as you please, and none to molest or make you afraid. I’ll ask you a question. Don’t you think you had better repent of your evil ways, get forgiveness, and be saved? I am talking to you as a live devil. If I were to lift the floodgates of hell and show you what it is, you would be on your knees praying and not on a bicycle.”

Cyclist: “If I should be spared to get back to earth and give a history of this dismal trip—so close to hell, yet so dark and dismal, so shorn of every beauty on earth—I should pray for a long continuance of my earthly ex-

istence. The contrast is so great that I would want to stay always—would ask to abide where

“‘Storm after storm rises dark o’er the way.’

“Yes, sir; it would put an end to my grumbling, and make me rejoice at all my surroundings.”

“Now, Mrs. Cyclist, you see that I am still hanging on the gatepost, and the most of my conversation, like you women up there, will be from the gateposts. I would like to call your attention to a few paragraphs I read this morning in that truly conservative journal, the *Literary Digest*.”

Cyclist: “Mr. Devil, do you get the journals down here?”

“Oh, yes; but they do not come in printed letters. I knew of the power of electricity long before you introduced it in practice. You know, everything pertaining to heat I am fully posted upon. Well, Mrs. Cyclist, I shall read you what Charlotte Smith says in that journal:

“WOMAN AND THE BICYCLE.

“Radical differences of opinion appear to exist regarding the healthfulness of bicycling

for women. Charlotte Smith, president of the Woman's Rescue League, Washington, (whose crusade against the wheel was noted in the *Literary Digest*, July 18), insists that bicycling is both morally and physically unhealthful. The writer bases the first charge of her indictment on information secured from fallen women, among whom the work of the league takes her, alleging that the bicycle is a useful agent of immorality employed by bad women and men, and that the bicycle code of etiquette is wholly different from the ordinary code and correspondingly dangerous to young women. Of the physical harmfulness of bicycling she writes in the *New York Journal*:

“ My views of the unhealthfulness of the bicycle have been pooh-poohed by many persons who talk more easily than they think. Perhaps it will interest them to learn that the National Medical Association, representing the physicians of the United States, at a recent meeting in New York, adopted a resolution declaring the bicycle to be injurious to women. The fact is the bicycle is spreading disease among women. I know from information given me by doctors, of many surgical operations for

abscesses and other troubles"—[abscess of the perinium, the most dangerous to child bearing of any disease she is liable to]—"engendered by the bicycle. The saddle is a fruitful source of injury. I am not putting the case too strongly when I say that bicycle riding is ruining the health of tens of thousands of women in this country, incidentally involving the physical welfare of generations yet unborn.

"In order that they may appear as 'trim' as possible, women who ride bicycles dress in a way that is anything but hygienic. The corsets are drawn tight to display the V figure, leaving insufficient space for the active breathing required by the exercise. The costume must be of heavy material in order to hang well. A girl of my acquaintance has a bicycle gown that weighs over ten pounds." [This is to keep the dress on a windy day from flying over the head.] "But the saddle is the worst. I have never seen one that was fit for a woman to sit upon. The jarring, incidental to riding over country roads, I believe to be frightfully injurious, and my opinion is shared by many prominent physicians in this country. The muscular movements involved in working the

pedals are of a sort that are harmful to women. Like movements are required in working the sewing machine, which is notoriously unhealthful.

"No less an authority than the *British Medical Journal*, however, is found prescribing the use of the bicycle by women, as follows:

"Most of the ailments which are called 'billious' are caused by too much food of a rich nature and too much drink of a sweet or alcoholic character, combined with far too little exercise in the open air."

If this physician had been a general practitioner in the south he would not have attributed excess of eating or want of exercise as the primary cause of billious fevers. It is well known that much exercise in the months of July and August is promotive of the disease, and that agriculturists who take sufficient exercise and live on the healthiest food and drink the purest water, and attend to all the common sense rules of hygiene, are subject to the severest attacks of billious fever, the cause of the fever being in the atmosphere of low, swampy countries. As no rules laid down

by a physician who has not this practical knowledge would avail anything, and would be misdirecting when he advises exercise in the open air in dirty streets for invalids, or for those in perfect health, heat and moisture being the potent factors in the generation of malaria.

"It is interesting to note that cycling sometimes has the effect of thinning the obese and fattening the thin, and this may partly be explained by Murchison's observations that excessive leanness, as well as excessive corpulence, is often caused by inaction of the liver, and the stimulus of regular exercise, setting the functions of the organ right, causes the disappearance of what was only a symptom. In cases of breakdown of the nervous system from overwork and anxiety, cycling will be found a most valuable adjunct to the rest which is necessary for recovery, and numerous brain workers now consider a daily ride indispensable if their work is to remain at concert pitch."

If the brain workers would not go at concert pitch, and take more time and more exercise in the open air by walking a mile or

so in the morning, or riding on horseback, wouldn't they be healthier and wiser than riding the dummy wheel? Will any physician attempt to say that bicycle riding will give the quick, elastic step, the erect posture, and the graceful carriage that the old North Carolina girls have? They can walk five or six miles in the morning without the slightest fatigue. They were trained walkers. Riding in a carriage and walking were the exercises they principally took. Has not walking been advised by all physicians for school girls and boys? Don't the military schools turn out the finest specimens of manhood? Would we like to have crooked backed American soldiers?

“Now, Miss Cyclist, as I have read in your hearing what one prominent physician says about the wheel as a health producer for women, I will read from another authority of equal celebrity what he says about the position on the wheel, and let us compare their opinions and see how they tally.

“One says, ‘You must sit straight, touch the handles gently, and no one should ride a wheel unless they are perfectly healthy and strong.’

“I will quote what Dr. C. A. Von Randohr, professor of obstetrics in the New York post graduate medical school and hospital, says in the *Delineator*. I will read you, Mr. Cyclist:

“‘Any entirely healthy woman may safely begin when she will to learn to ride a bicycle, if she keeps in mind this golden rule—that is, my golden rule—founded on presumption and egoism: Always stop before becoming tired out.’”

Wise conclusion, but unnecessary advice, for the sensible will stop when they are tired and the foolish will keep on.

“A cycling woman may do herself just as much injury in essaying this sport without proper advice and restrictions as she can by taking unknown medicines without the advice of her physician.”

The horseback rider needs no advice from a physician. She rides with comfort, ease and protection to herself, without anybody’s advice save her own intuition of what is safe. (No fee to pay for this.)

“There is absolutely, so far as we are at present aware, no organ or function of a woman’s body that is improperly affected by

wheeling when the rider is properly seated and properly dressed, and does not overexert herself. A great deal of unnecessary discussion has been indulged in, chiefly by non-medical theorists and non-riders, about this simple and so far incontrovertible assertion."

Now here is the *ipse dixit* of one physician, taken in contradistinction of the learned and conservative opinion of the American Medical Society. We are not surprised to hear such declarations from a German philosopher, as they consider the wisdom of the world revolves in their brains. This medical philosopher might as well assert that it was proper and right for a woman to ride on a rail, provided she sat right and assumed the stooping posture. Wouldn't it be much cheaper for them to ride on a rail, if it had to be borne on the shoulders of their male companions?

"Most women will, as a matter of course, follow their own tastes in dressing for the wheel. From a medical and hygienic standpoint, bloomers and corset waists are to be preferred to skirts and to regulation corsets."

Now, right here this learned savant comes directly in opposition to the advice of all phy-

sicians and boards of health. Indeed, our city authorities had one of these new women arrested for making her appearance on the streets of Little Rock, so shocking was its immodesty. What might be very immodest in Little Rock might be the height of modesty in New York, for they have completely obliterated the line between the two. But we of the south try to keep up the old line, preferring to keep up our modesty after our manner than succumbing to the new woman of New York. While we may have fewer technicalities to describe our morals and manners, we have sufficient common sense to know what is indecent and vulgar. But the new woman has concluded to split the difference by riding astride.

“Finally, sitting bolt upright will make the rider use the saddle not as a light rest and a help to balancing, but as an actual seat, for which it is certainly not intended.”

Those in favor of the bicycle have been all the time advocating a suitable saddle, which has been discussed in a former part of this book, and it is not necessary to elaborate on this stupendous folly.

"The proper position is a slight inclination forward, such as you will see in the well seasoned rider going along comfortably at the rate of six or eight miles an hour, and perhaps returning from a thirty mile trip without showing the least sign of fatigue."

Beautiful philosophy this! Imagine one of our ladies, who are not accustomed to doing drudgery, riding thirty miles on a dirt road without being the least fatigued. Why, one of our negro washerwomen could not do this. Try for yourself how far this inclination forward will help to make you feel more comfortable and to make your work easier. The cyclists in this city say that the upright posture is the best, and the doctors tell them so. The German philosopher wishes to give to Americans the stoop shoulder of the German. Not yet, Mr. Philosopher! Wait awhile. Your fad will soon play out in America, for we have the good sense of Mr. Cleveland and the modesty of Mrs. Cleveland as guides to our morals and manners, and the wise conclusions of our American doctors, who know what is good for our American women.

Devil: "But, madam, what do the French doctors say about the bicycle?"

"They say it is all right, and recommend everyone to ride. But, Mr. Devil, do you know what the French say of themselves? They say this:

"It would appear that the French have nothing to learn in the way of tricks."

"Therefore we should not take France as our model for morals and manners, as she acknowledges her own iniquity."

Devil: "Now, madam, I have hung on the gateposts with you long enough to learn more than the most fashionable lady in your uppertendum society. I will let you depart, as I am certain you will give a true narrative of the road to the center of the earth. But you can not describe me, neither can I you, as you know it is the blackneess of darkness all around us; but I have heard you, and you have heard me."

"Now, I must tell you, before you can see the brilliant light of hell, and enjoy all of my display of pyrotechnics, you must travel this dark and dismal path on earth until you die, and then I shall introduce you to

my domain; and, as I told you, there is no distinction made in hell between man and woman, you must be tortured corresponding to your crime."

Cyclist: "If what I have seen of the center of the earth be in anywise typical of hell, it is sufficient for me. When I return to earth I will try and mend my ways and pray for forgiveness, that when I die I may mount on eagle's wings and soar to worlds on high, where I can enjoy all the beautiful things on earth in a manifold character. Yes, sir; I will pass through the beautiful gates of St. Peter and behold that beautiful city, the New Jerusalem, with its pearly gates and its golden streets, and see the greatest light of all lights, and hear the sound of angelic hosts, and listen to the archangel's prayer, and hear the songs of the innumerable hosts that surround the great throne. No, sir; darkness will be dispelled, and the bright light of the glory of God will shine forever. Goodbye, Devil, I have seen enough of you. God knows I shall believe all those good preachers tell me about heaven and hell, and disbelieve all the atheists tell me in

their technical description of the material world.

“Mr. Devil, if this is the shadow of hell a thousand miles off, what will the substance be? To sum up the narrative of my trip to hell, I will quote the words of Job, who said: ‘It was a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.’”

Devil: “Now, Mr. Cyclist—for I can address you as such, since you say you are male and female combined—hadn’t you better have read in the great old book, before attempting to come here, these words: ‘There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture’s eye hath not seen. The lion’s whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it?’”

#### THE TIE THAT LINKS NATIONS TOGETHER.

We are accustomed to laud commerce and religion as the principal agents that bind nations together in one great family, but the *St. James Gazette* finds a more potent influence than either in amusement, and it points to re-

cent events in a semi-serious way to prove its point. It says:

“What is the true tie that links nations together in these days? It almost looks as if it were nothing so much as a common interest in sports, games and amusements. Politics and patriotism are national and even sectional, but pastimes of all sorts are cosmopolitan. The nations can play together, even if they do not work together.”

Was it not this national display of amusements that brought Greece and Rome to destruction, as is exemplified in a former part of this book? Do not sports and games engender idleness, and does not idleness beget poverty, and does not poverty lead to immorality, and immorality to the destruction of a community? If this be true—and it evidently is—what will become of the American people, when they add to all other sports the most fascinating of all, the bicycle; which takes away the best producing power of our land, the young people, who ought to be engaged in some profitable employment that will add wealth, health and happiness to all nations?

No nation can exist long on sports. She cannot afford to waste the time of her young, vigorous, muscular, energetic and manly and womanly population, who are to take the places of those who have gone before them, and have brought the civilized world to its present degree of perfection.

The bicycle in America is the great craze of the day. It is introducing a species of gambling that is more demoralizing than the gambling dens of the cities, because it is sanctioned and indulged in by some of the most respectable portions of our community. It is permitted by law, and therefore an undue license is given it. It is a fact that goes without saying, that when the agriculturists suffer all departments in government suffer to a greater extent, as agriculture is the rock foundation of all prosperity.

Imagine yourself on an island, rich in gold— even as fine as the gold of Ophir—and filled with the richest oriental gems, with nothing to eat or to wear. Though you could breathe the balmy atmosphere and smell the rich odors of the rose, what would that avail if there were no vegetables or cereals there to feed

your famishing stomach or clothe your naked back?

Are American manners degenerating? Is the bicycle one of the degenerators in manners? In olden times it was said of the southern gentleman and lady that they were the most polite people in the world. Next to them came their servants. An illustration of a southern gentleman is related by a northern gentleman, who was invited to Gen. Washington's hospitable home to spend a week. They were in the habit of riding out every evening on some of those fine bred Virginia horses. One evening they passed an old servant man on the road. The old servant took off his hat and bowed low to the ground, saying, "Sarvant, master." On witnessing this polite bow so gracefully made, Gen. Washington bowed as low upon his horse, with his hat removed. Seeing this very respectful salute given to a servant, his northern friend said:

"Why, general! do you bow and take off your hat to an inferior?"

The general replied: "Do you think, sir, that I would let a servant be more polite than I?"

This rebuke so changed the friend that it was said, on his return home, that he bowed and raised his hat to every commoner he met.

Is this polite bow being made from the bicycle, or even from equestrians or pedestrians? What are the manners of the south to-day compared with what they were before the civil war? Are the negroes as polite? Are the medium classes as much so? Does not the rough laborer and the negro compel the lady to take the outside of the pavement? Do the clerks wear their coats when waiting on ladies in the stores? Do the ladies ask for what they want, and buy it if it suits, or do they have the counter filled with goods and walk out without buying a dime's worth, and leave an hour's work for the clerk to replace them on the shelves? Aren't the negroes, the white women and men, riding side by side with the polished, refined and cultured gentleman and lady, on equal terms?

Another instance of the degeneration of American manners came under the observation of the writer. An old fashioned gentleman and his wife were walking down Main street the other day, and the gentleman bowed

and spoke to every man he met. The wife says:

“ Husband, do you know these men you are speaking to ? ”

His answer was, “ No.”

“ Then why are you bowing and speaking ? ”

He answered: “ I was raised a gentleman, and I cannot help it.”

“ Why, husband, dont you know politeness, manners and morals are things of the past? Do you see even a boy or girl speaking or bowing to an old man? Why, the respect of the aged must come from them to the younger members of society. They are putting on the the stiff, stolid airs of the British gentry. You know we used to be democrats. We are all British aristocrats. Though we have but a dollar in our pockets, we have joined the ‘ swell ’ army. I hope you will not annoy me by speaking and bowing to those you never knew or saw before.”

“ Wife, I must hold onto my politeness, for it was bred in the bone.”

Compare the actions and manners of the old southerners with the new, and ask yourself if politeness is degenerating in America.

## IS THE BICYCLE DEMORALIZING?

Let us take the testimony of the old lady at the toll gate on one of our turnpike roads. Here is a conversation between her and her old physician :

Old Lady: "Doctor, I have counted two hundred men, women, girls and boys riding on the wheel across this bridge from eight o'clock at night until three o'clock in the morning. They were screaming, laughing and shouting all night long, so that neither myself or anyone else could sleep. This bridge belongs to me, and I cannot have my property used for such purposes, so I put up a sign on the post, 'Bicycles, five cents the round trip.' They became very angry, and abused me and called me bad names; but I stood it all, and wouldn't let them cross without paying. Now, doctor, I want to ask you a question :

"Do you think it is decent for those people to be riding on the wheel and going into the woods at that hour of the night? You know I was raised a poor gal, and my parents had to work hard to support the family, but if I had been caught out at night with a boy, my

mother would have whipped me severely. She would have thought I was after no good. Do you think those people are any better than we-uns? It's a shame, doctor, to see how they carry on. It ought to be stopped.

"At any rate, doctor, if you can't make them good, at least make them decent. Now, you talk about a free bridge. Wouldn't they have a fine time riding up the mountain and strolling over the woods. I say, the old folks had better sense than that."

Doctor: "Madam, I know your raising. You were raised by an honest father and a kind, loving mother, who raised you after old fashioned rules of prudence and honesty. I wish the present generation had some of your old fashioned raising; there would be none of this sort of carrying on. They will get to the end of their rope after a while, and the old time things will be brought back."

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Here the bicycle woman is dismissed, and a tandem appears with a man riding behind and a woman in front.



Devil to tandem riders: "I see, cyclists, that you ride double on your dummy horse. In ancient times the husband rode in front on the horse and the wife or daughter behind. The daughter or wife hugged the male rider around his waist, and the female rode sidewise, while the male rode astride, just as this man is riding the dummy. That is the way the country people rode to church. Can you tell me why this change has been made?"

Cycle Woman: "Yes, sir; the woman is now the leader in society, in politics, in religion, in temperance lectures. She has taken the place of the man, and the man the woman. The man is following the woman."

"From the appearance of your iron horse, it reminds me of the old iron chariot the Israelites formerly used. Did not your inventor get his idea from them? You know that many inventions called new these days

were taken from the Egyptians' advance in all the appliances of art and science."

Mr. Cyclist: "We know nothing of ancient history, nor do we care what the ancients did. The nineteenth century has produced a new world, a new people with new habits, customs and relations. If the earth were to move five thousand miles an hour, it would take it ten years to catch up with us, and as this wheel has set her an example for speed—so small a thing, with so little force, going at the rate of a mile a minute—don't you suppose she will get ashamed of herself and increase her motion?"

Devil: "I think you will get ashamed of yourselves, if shame you have, to suggest to the Maker of all things to change His laws to suit your craze. Oh! my friend, He will teach you better before long, if there are not sensible people enough left to work a reformation. He will do it in one of His mysterious ways. He will have a survival of the fittest, do what you may."

"Mr. Cyclist, may I ask you, where are you from?"

"I am from St. Louis, Missouri, sir."

“What class of cyclists do you represent?”

“We represent that middle, sensible class, sir, who ride the wheel with discretion and prudence.”

“You mean you are common sense people.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, I have wanted to get some of those old time, common sense people down here for a long time, that I might run my mind back to those good old days when men were honest and women virtuous. Let me speak to you one at a time, or shall I address you both at once?”

“Just as you please, sir. We have but one thought and one mind, since we are husband and wife. You know the good book says we are bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh. Go on, Mr. Devil, with your interrogations.”

“You say you are from St. Louis?”

“Well, sir, we started from St. Louis just after McKinley’s nomination by the Republicans. We were some time getting to New York city, as we traveled slowly on our wheel, keeping close to the railroad track, as it was the most direct and the best. We were in New York when Bryan was nominated by the

Democrats at Chicago, but did not start for some time afterwards. We had heard before leaving St. Louis that a tunnel was being dug to the center of the earth, and as we wished to be the first explorers of man and woman together, relying on each for support in times of danger and sickness, entered the tunnel before the sappers and miners had returned to give an account of their work."

Devil: "Why, I turned them back long ago. Had they not arrived before you left?"

"No, sir."

"Has no one arrived on the surface to tell what they have seen?"

"No, sir."

"Why, I have had two travelers, a man and a woman, whom I entertained hospitably. I fear they are lost. I expected them to give as much information about the center of the earth as the man had given who returned from the north pole. Neither had gotten within two thousand miles of the object of their search."

"Well, Mr. Cyclist, what have you to say about your trip after leaving the surface of the earth and entering the tunnel?"

“ Well, sir, when we left the city the clocks were striking twelve M. After going a short distance we could hear sounds, but could not distinguish between them. Then came a sudden sound as though the air was entering a tube. This put an end to our hearing, and it commenced getting dark, as dark as to a blind man. Could we but have had his touch, we might have been satisfied; but all feeling was taken from us, and we were standing or sitting, we knew not which. As consciousness had disappeared in the darkness, we heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing and knew nothing until we heard your voice. But we have not seen you. Can you see us?”

“ Yes, sir. But if I were to turn on my electricity upon your human eyes, you would be struck dead, for no person living can look upon me and live. Now, what time do you think you have been coming here, Mr. Cyclist?”

“ Time, sir! I lost that after getting beyond the light of the sun, moon and stars, and have nothing to compute time from.”

Devil: “ Then you can understand what the word eternity means.”

“Yes, sir; heaven and hell are eternal.”

Devil: “You are mistaken in the latter. Hell had a beginning when I was driven out of paradise, and will have an ending some time; but heaven is eternal, and will remain so. I speak from a materialistic standpoint.”

St. Louis is a beautiful city, built on ground gradually rising from the banks of the master of waters—Mississippi. It needs but little grading. The old part of the city—that was laid off by the French—has narrow streets and old fashioned, substantial buildings, that have stood the violence of heavy storms, and resisted the force of the last terrible cyclone better than the modern style of buildings. The new part is built after the modern style, with every variety of architecture, almost up to the five orders. Some of their public buildings are equal in style and taste to a diminutive picture of King Solomon’s temple. Her suburban residences are beautiful beyond actual description.

Her professional men are equal to any in the world, and her society better than any city of its size in the United States. Her commerce is swelling to the proportions of Chicago, but,

unlike the latter, her credit is the best of any city. Her population is made up principally of strong, robust men and women, being situated in the center of a rich agricultural country, producing the best of food for man and beast, that she deals out with a lavish hand to her poor and disabled people, which tends to develop them physically, mentally, and we were about to say morally, but her morals might be improved without damage to her present standard. She has all the modern improvements for her public works, and some of the best medical schools in the south or west. Standing foremost amongst the number is the Missouri Medical College, the descendant of that noble institution, University of Missouri, where the writer first rubbed his back against the old brick walls of the college that stood on Choteau pond in 1847. This building was sold and a large stone building erected by the renowned surgeon of the west and south, Joseph Nash McDowell. It was after this that it was better known as McDowell college. It was in this building that the writer received his degree of doctor of medicine, in 1849. But, Mr. Devil, lest I should be accused of partiality, I

had better desist from further description of medical colleges. Excuse me when my mind turns back to those youthful and hopeful days, with my friend John T. Hodgen in sight, who illuminated the profession by his great genius, as did our old preceptor, McDowell.

Yes, we thought when we got our diplomas that all the bells in St. Louis would ring, even to the Catholic chiming bell, though the Catholics were so much opposed to our venerable preceptor. But they did not.

Devil to Man Cyclist: "Do you think your new invention will drive out the horse and the mule, and substitute your iron chariot?"

Cyclist: "Yes, sir; it is driving them out fast, and we will drive out the railroads with them."

Devil: "You know the railroads are dependent upon the labor of these two animals for three-fourths of their freight. What amount of cotton is carried by railroads in proportion to the transportation from the field to the gin house, and from the gin house to the depot? What would the whole country do without the labor of these two animals? And what great pleasure and delight they give to

their riders and drivers! No, Mr. Cyclist, you will be like the Canaanites—though you have iron horses and are strong, you will be driven out of the land of every sensible people."

"Mr. Devil, I fear what you say is true, for already many of our best citizens are giving them up, and, we think with you, they will soon be relegated to the past."

Devil: "Now, Mrs. Cyclist, let me ask you a question. Have you ever rode a horse?"

"Yes, sir; often."

"How did you ride him?"

"On a side saddle, with foot in stirrup and reins and whip in hand."

"Was it a comfortable position?"

"Yes, sir. And I used to take so much pride in sitting straight and observing all around me. I could converse with my escort and look at him as loving as I pleased without fear of being thrown or jostled off my saddle."

"Why did you sit sidewise?"

"Because that position was the easiest for a woman. You know, Mr. Devil, that it is natural for a woman to sit sidewise when she is

sewing, knitting, or doing any other work in a sitting position."

Devil: "Can you explain to me the reason of this?"

"I think so, sir. First, it is the easiest position she can take; second, it is in keeping with her physiological makeup. In throwing the left leg over the right, that whole side seems to take rest, and *vice versa*. You know, Mr. Devil, that experience is worth more than theory. I grant you, sir, that in modern days the girls are taught that it is immodest to sit crosslegged before gentlemen. The girls will sit while in the parlor with the two feet parallel, but as soon as they get to the sitting room, and place themselves in the old armchair, they will assume that crosslegged position because it is easiest. It is this that makes them sit easy and gracefully on a sidesaddle, and when so seated on a good horse they can ride as far with as little fatigue as man."

Devil: "Yes, what you say comports with my knowledge of the way ladies rode fifty years ago. I recollect when the first Mrs. Jefferson Davis (the daughter of the old hero of

Buena Vista, Zachary Taylor,) ran away with Jeff and married him on horseback, and rode with him wherever he went, over mountain, stream and valley."

"Mr. Devil, did you know that the old house she eloped from is now standing in Fort Smith, Arkansas? It is an old two story building,



built of stone, and occupies the corner of the stockade, covered with vines. Never did Miss Taylor look prettier, sweeter and healthier than she did the day she became Mrs. Davis. Mr. Devil, there was another lady of olden times, who was celebrated for her great equestrian acquirements, Mrs. Gen. Winfield Scott. It

was said she was the best female rider in the United States, but unlike her companion, was considered a little fast, but not so fast as the ladies of modern date. What was considered imprudent in her would be entirely allowable in these fast days."

Devil: "Do you think either of those ladies would have given up their trusty steeds for the dummy cycle?"

"No, sir. Though I ride the wheel, there is no comparison between the two. The horse rides you, but the wheel rides me, for you know I have to supply the force."

"Mr. Cyclist, did you hear what the Indian said about the wheel?"

"Yes, sir. He said: 'White man and woman much lazy. They walk sitting down.'"

"Now, Mr. Cyclist, I will ask you about the cycle race course. Do you believe it has a tendency to increase gambling in a small way by frequent races, and by small bets on favorites, and swell the aggregate to a much larger extent than that of any other kind of races or pugilist rings?"

"Yes, sir; I do. And as it is said to be an amusement, and not a vice, members of the

church and very respectable ladies and gentlemen are betting on the sport. If you were to call them gamblers, they would take it as much of an insult as to say they were gamblers when they bet at a euchre party. But, Mr. Devil, you know gambling cannot be made respectable by anyone, whether it comes by the wheel or by cards. Sin cannot be whitewashed. Mr. Devil, you know the Prince of Wales of late has been very much censured by the religious people of England for his endorsement and participation in horse racing; that it is considered very demoralizing. Yes, but don't you know there are many men engaged in horse racing in Europe and America by the endorsement of their governments and practiced by the leaders of society?"

Devil: "That is true. The wealthy ladies of society, who have a plenty of money and nothing to do, are shaping the morals and manners of these people. Have you not heard it said that the idle brain is the devil's workshop? That is so, for his whole time is taken up in trying to deceive the honest and pervert the virtuous."

Devil to Mrs. Tandem: "I wish to ask you a question in science. Is there not an invention by a Mr. Lawson called a flying kite, which proposes to navigate the air and discover something of the celestial regions?"

"Yes, sir; but Mr. Lawson only proposes to make his invention a pleasure riding concern, without any practical application."

Devil: "Is there not a close analogy between the bicycle and the kite? Was the bicycle invented for anything but pleasure, and can the poor afford to indulge in this sport?"

"The bicycle, Mr. Devil, was thought at first to be an instrument of usefulness to the poor in going to and from their occupations. The speed was what they wanted. As the railroad had annihilated space, they wished to demonstrate that their wheel would annihilate time. They have accomplished that fact by proving the law of friction and force."

Devil: "Couldn't that have been demonstrated with a millionth part of the money that has been spent on cycles?"

"Mr. Devil, don't you know that anything in our advanced age that is cheap and practical

is considered of no value? It is the shams, theories and devices we are after. We are living in an imaginary world, wanting something after Belamy's style—a perfect people and a perfect government."

Devil: "Well, I suppose you will get that when the millennium comes, but it will be a long time first before I am chained. Don't fool yourself about your perfect government and try to make the one you have better than it is, for I assure you, devil as I am, I could suggest many improvements upon what you call the best government in the world."

Devil to Mrs. Tandem: "I wish to ask you another question. Does the wheel tend to immorality?"

"It does, sir; for the following reasons: The wheel is a public institution. It is notorious that a very large proportion of the people engage in the sport, and, as it gives license to many immoral acts and the exhibition of women or ladies of themselves, tends to the vilest sort of immorality. Therefore, it must be judged by the sum total of its influence, just as other things are judged."

Devil: "Mr. Cyclist, have you not discovered that there is something egotistical, mean and narrow in the composition of the American people?"

"No, sir. We find kindness of heart and toleration are virtues particularly American, and that her morals are higher than those of European nations. For instance, look at the vast amount given to eleemosynary institutions by our government and people; the missionaries she has sent into the field. Compare these with other older nations—England, France and Germany—and see if young America is not taking her stand side by side with her grandparents. The American people have genuine knowledge—common sense—and they respect all other people who have the same sort of knowledge. We have penetration and perseverance, combined with modesty. America raises busts and statues to her teachers in military tactics, in politics, in religion, in medicine and in morals, and being a free government, she cannot exalt one above the other. The millionaire may erect his expensive monument to the memory of himself, but the people do not worship at his shrine.

No, sir; we are commoners, if you choose to designate us as such. We have inherited the spirit of freedom from our fathers, and we intend to keep the flame burning so long as we and our children live."

Devil: "Do you not think you stand in danger of building a monument to the bicycle as did the ancient Grecians to other athletes?"

"No, sir. When Americans have time to return to their second sober thought they will eliminate all fads and adopt nothing that is not conducive to their health and happiness."

Devil: "Mr. Cyclist, I have been long satisfied that the American is not an itinerant. He is satisfied with his home, and would not exchange it for the elysian fields of the gods. Self satisfaction prevents rambling."

Devil to Madam Cyclist: Ever since the new woman left I have been puzzled to solve the problem of the new science woman. I have read up all my literature on science, and although there are many new discoveries in science of which I confessed myself ignorant, still I found them all recorded in my scrap-book, but the science of making man and woman by bringing the two halves together was

beyond my philosophy and without explanation anywhere.

“Upon picking up an old number of, I believe, the *Century*, I found an article which explained the whole thing. It is this:



THE NEW WOMAN.

“There was an eminent scientist called Polyhemus, who experimented with human germs. He procured three, two from man and

one from woman. He was developing these germs rapidly, but thinking it too much trouble to bring all three to perfection, destroyed two and combined the woman germ with the man, and made one. The development of these germs brought forth a species that was neither man or woman, but like the plants contained both organs of generation in one. This human plant escaped from its prison and cast its seed on good ground, and the new woman, or man, as you are pleased to call it, is the result."

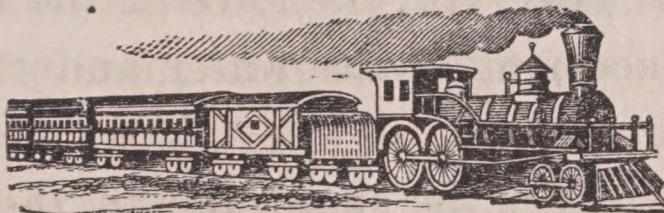
Madam Tandem: "Mr. Devil, you have been deluded by a crafty woman, and your deductions are false. It was one germ only, and that of a man, that Polyhemus developed, and as he was trying to produce a better specimen by his science than his Maker had created of him, trying to eliminate every evil passion and cultivating only his good qualities, expected to present to his Maker a great improvement on the original stock. This man grew and became a fully developed human being, but instead of presenting an improved specimen, he presented Him with a man composed of the cast off fragments of His clay.

He was a murderer and tried to kill his creator. No, Mr. Devil, there is no such a science. The woman only told you that to cover her shame."

Devil to Mr. Tandem: "I read in the *St. Louis Illustrated American* that a Mr. Anderson, a celebrated cyclist, made a mile in a minute and three seconds. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir. The cyclist was only proving a rule in philosophy long since demonstrated, not only before five hundred, but before five thousand people."

Here is the rest of it: "Two ends were served in using the locomotive as a 'pace maker.' The first and most important was



protection from the air which the great mass of steel gave the rider, and the second was the superior speed drawn out by the bicycle. The resistance offered by the air has always been the obstacle to great speed in cycling (as it has been to all kinds of locomotion). In order more perfectly to protect himself from the at-

mosphere, young Anderson boarded up the rear of the engine from the top of the tank to within half an inch of the rail."

We will not quote further, but attempt to show that what Mr. Anderson sought to demonstrate by his wheel had been demonstrated by the captains of steamboats plying the waters of the Mississippi river one hundred years ago. Who has not noticed, that has an observant eye, small crafts of weak power getting in the wake of large crafts of tremendous power and speed, the smaller boat keeping up with the larger and faster for many miles. The smaller craft being behind, two very important drawbacks were overcome by the front and larger boat, viz., the force of the wind and the displacement of the water and the check of the current.

Query: Was the speed due to the bicycle *per se*, or to the locomotive? We think to the locomotive, just as the front and larger boat gave the small and hinder boat the power to keep up with her.

Devil: "I think you are claiming too much for your dummy fad.

“Mr. Cyclist, as I perceive you are an intelligent man, and suppose you have kept up with the advances of the age, as you live in what is called the higher civilization.”

“Yes, sir; I have tried to do so, but science has become metaphysical and statisticians liars.”

“Tell me, Mr. Cyclist, is the report I read in the *Literary Digest* of the great fall in births of the American people true?”

“Yes, sir. The south is trying to keep up the autonomy of the Americans. They have not fallen into the scientific fads of the northern people. Her women are still clinging to the commandment, ‘Multiply and replenish the earth,’ and, as they believe the American type is the best, they are trying to preserve that type.”

Devil: “Is it true that there are ten northern states who have fallen to nineteen births in a thousand natives, while the south is keeping up her standard of thirty births in a thousand?”

“Yes, sir; very true.”

Devil: “If the thing goes on in the same ratio, wouldn’t the north have to pay southern

women a high premium for their native American babies?"

"I think so, sir; though I am a western man myself. You see, Mr. Devil, society lines have not been drawn so closely between the western and northern states as between the southern states. This arises from the fact that before the civil war there were but two classes of society—the white and the black; and as there were only two grades of society amongst the whites—the educated and the ignorant—social equality between these two classes was easily perfected. Wealth was not the dividing line. Education was. Now, since the war the lower classes are educating their children, and they are meeting on a common level established by themselves. This has given a more elevated tone to society and made them more in love with their free government, which stands in no danger so long as they hold the balance of power."

Devil: "I wish to ask you something about the members of the church. Of course you will not be surprised at my inquiry, as it is those people I am continually fighting. They are my enemies."

"Well, Mr. Devil, I will make a comparison which I think will give you all the information you desire in a nutshell. Here it is:

"A farmer brought a basket of eggs to my wife to purchase. He said they were all fresh and sound, and guaranteed them such. On breaking the eggs, my wife found a small part of them were fresh and had retained the germ; another part, larger than the first, were preserved by salt, and the larger part were spoiled. I make the comparison in this way. There is a small part of members that are fresh and full of life everywhere, break them where you please; a larger part are sound, but non-active, but satisfied and non-prolific; the remaining largest part are spoiled. The shell looks as bright as the others, but they are engaging in every variety of vice, and making many vicious things respectable by wearing the white garment of pure spotlessness."

Devil: "The spoilt ones I will get. They are full of gas, and explode when cracked; make a bright light and illuminate hell. The other two I can say nothing about. They must decide for themselves. Isn't the church in danger of becoming disorganized when it is

wrapped up in the solution of all the industrial, financial, political, social and moral problems of the age with which the philosophers and statesmen and philanthropists are hopelessly struggling?"

"I think so, sir. You put the question right when you say wrapped up in politics. Half of our preachers in America are politicians. But a short time ago a preacher in St. Louis preached a gold bug sermon, and used such language of denunciation against the free silver men as he would not use against the vilest murderer in the land. Why, sir, our boy preachers must have two thousand dollars a year for preaching free grace. They say their grace was not free. They had to purchase it with money and hard mental study. It costs something these days to be a preacher. The plutocrats and Democrats are fighting over free silver, but there is not enough free grace in our country to fight over. They say our rulers are not worth praying for, it takes too much time to redeem them, and that the poor are not worth saving, as they have no money to pay for the free grace, so they must confine

their efforts to making rich proselytes to build fine churches and pay large salaries."

Devil: "I have asked you many questions, and acknowledge my gratitude for your patience and prompt answers. But there is one question which is as important as any I have asked, and with your kind permission would like to ask it before dismissing you."

"Certainly, sir. If I can inform you on any subject I would be glad to do so. Besides, I shall take it as a compliment, coming as it does from so wise and influential a prince as yourself."

Devil: "Well, tell me about the specialists. Have you many of them?"

"Yes, sir; thousands of them—from a tin cup to a locomotive, from a poodle dog to an elephant, from a rattlesnake to an anaconda, from stairsteps to mansions, and all the other intermediate branches of art and science."

Devil: "I wish to ask you more particularly about the scientific bacteriologists. What advance are they making in investigations with the microscope?"

"Wonderful, sir. They have proven to us without a doubt that man sprung from a mon-

key. You see it is so: Today you see a molecule, tomorrow a monad, the next day a monkey and the next day a man--all this by gradual development."

"Gradual, did you say? Why, that is making a man faster than the bike can run. I fear, Mr. Cyclist, that science has leaped its legitimate bounds and gone into the domain of ridiculousness. There are not many people up there who believe that theory, are there?"

"Yes, sir; many of our educated fools, of which I confess myself as one. You see, Mr. Devil, we just take a little of the sputa to one of these fellows, and they can tell you what is the matter with you lungs, but you must tell them beforehand what you think ails you, then they can bring out a bacillus to suit your case. So the inquiring mind is satisfied, that is sufficient."

Devil: "From what you have told me, Mr. Cyclist, I verily believe those fellows are getting off their base, and you will soon have to increase the capacity of your insane asylums. I see you have not had the fool killer with you for some time. Don't you think it is about time he was coming?"

“Yes, sir. I think he has delayed his visit already too long. We are spending too much money on fads, theories and fashions.”

Devil: “Tell us something about the pharmacists. Ain’t they specialists?”

“Yes, sir; every one of them. They go into the woods, dig up some old root that was used thousands of years ago, give it a scientific name, put an *ine* or *ene* to the end of it, then call it, ‘My new discovery;’ put a little of it in a bottle, shake it up with syrup, then label it: ‘Give for everything. Beware of substitutions.’ It is the word that makes the charm, not the medicine.”

Devil: “When on the subject of bacteriology I dismissed it too soon. You know that modern literature is descanting largely on this new branch of science, and that it is becoming intensely interesting to men of deep thought and enlarged scientific notions.”

“Yes, Mr. Devil. Men’s heads seem to be turned upside down to get a new idea. Bacteriologists tell us that there is not a yard of atmosphere we breathe that is not filled with millions of disease germs; and that if we do not sterilize the atmosphere by some of their

anticeptics, we will not live out half of our days. Indeed, they say that accounts for the degeneracy of man. They also say that there is not a pint of water that flows from our mountain springs that is suitable to use unless boiled or treated in some way by science. The bread we eat and the milk we drink is alive with these jumping, skipping fellows; and that there is death in the pot."

Devil: "Do you not know, Mr. Cyclist, that old Dick in his work on science and philosophy years ago taught, 'by looking through his microscope,' that a drop of water contained millions of animalcula. Now, as animalcula are living creatures, and life lives upon life, that theory of sterilization falls to the ground. Don't you know that Dr. Tanner acted upon Dick's suggestion, and lived forty days on water?"

"Yes, Mr. Devil; but Dr. Tanner commenced dying as soon as he commenced living on water. You know that a man can live on a very small quantity of air for some indefinite time, but as he does not use the means to keep him living a longer time, he dies in the shorter. Now, sir, the old humoralists told us that the

blood was made up of animalcula long before Dick wrote. Now, if water contains animalcula, and blood is the life of man, is it surprising that Tanner lived so long?"

Devil: "Mr. Cyclist, I perceive your specialists want to occupy the highest seats in the synagogue. I should think the old doctors would object to this, as they did not come up from the ground floor."

"I think, Mr. Devil, they have a reasonable objection. Now, before I leave I wish to ask you some questions, if you will not think me impertinent."

Devil: "By no means, sir; proceed."

"Well, sir, you have had four cyclists down here, and they have given you a description of their travels around the earth, and of the various scenes they have passed through, with a geographical and topographical description of places, so far as they were pertinent to your enquiries. Now, the question I wish to ask, and the only one, is this: Who, if anyone, should ride our pet, the bicycle?"

Devil: "If anyone, an old bachelor, who is too stingy and mean to marry; and an old

maid, who is too ugly and cross to get a husband. These two it can make no worse."

"Mr. Devil, excuse me; there is another thought I wish your decision upon. 'Tis this: You know there are many scientific men in St. Louis who have been exercising their minds greatly over a theory of sound. They wish to abolish the old Newtonian wave theory and establish the molecular theory of sound. Now, this is not strange when scientists say there is nothing too high for man's investigation, nor anything too small for his observation. I wish to ask your opinion on this much mooted question. Which do you believe is right?"

"It seems to me, Mr. Cyclist, they are exercising their minds about things too high for their comprehension. You know there is a limitation to thought. The auditory nerve was placed in the ears of all animals to hear with. If this be absent, no striking on the drum will produce a sound, even if struck by a sledge hammer or conveyed by the waves of a cyclone. Therefore, it makes no difference to us how we hear; so we hear. Don't you

think they had better consume their time in something more useful?"

"Yes, Mr. Devil; I think they had."

"Now, Mr. Cyclist, if you have no other questions to ask, I will dismiss you by saying I had a pleasant interview with you, and can compliment you on your knowledge of practical questions that should engage the minds of the wise and thoughtful. I hope you will have a pleasant trip back to the surface of the earth—the only part that is of any use to man; and the most beautiful landscape your eyes ever beheld, or ever will behold, unless you go to that beautiful country where light, life and immortality are so beautifully described in that book of books—the Bible. Now, when you get back there and tell what you know about the center of the earth, aren't you afraid you will throw the people into hysterics?"

"Yes, sir; many of the women at least."

Devil: "Mrs. Cyclist, before dismissing you I have a word to say. There is a new invention, called x-rays, up in your country that seems to be exciting the minds, not only of honest investigators, but the rabble as well.

The invention is used for a sideshow to make money. Mrs. Cyclist, let us look into this invention a little and see of what use it will be to humanity. The surgeons are much carried away with it, as it will reveal a bullet when hidden in places that cannot be found by the probe. This I think legitimate and proper. But will it stop there? Won't the blackguard buy them for the purpose of looking into the internal economy of man and woman? For instance, they might use them in the same manner that the opera glasses are used. What would you think of a man who was viewing your whole internal improvements while your eyes were fixed on the actor, disclosing to his view all the malformations, if any you have? Then, upon the contrary, some jealous woman would be looking at your husband with the same view. Don't you see, many marriages might be broken up and many hideous pictures presented, that, by an association of ideas, man and woman would become the most grotesque spectacles ever produced?"

"Yes, sir; I question very much whether it would not be ten times a greater disadvantage

to humanity than it would be of advantage to the surgeon. But I fear if the thing takes on the craze, there will not be good people enough to stop it. Mr. Devil, what God has made occult, let no man make apparent."

"But, Mrs. Cyclist, you know the old quotation, 'Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.'"

Mrs. Cyclist: "I hold the profession of medicine in high repute, but think it should advance on legitimate lines, and push nature's laws to full development."

"Mrs. Cyclist, I have just received a copy of the *Literary Digest*, with an article, 'The Clergy and the Bicycle.' As I wish to bring this conversation down to date, I will quote a few lines:

"The English papers have recently been much exercised over the question of the propriety of bicycle riding by the clergy, and especially by bishops. \* \* \* The conclusion seems to be that the clergy may; the bishops—well, doubtful; the archbishops, oh, no; never! It would be *infra dig*—beneath the dignity—to ride. But dignity is largely a question of age and custom. \* \* \* Al-

ready we are told Cardinal Satolli is riding on the wheel, but secretly and not to the public gaze.' ”

We think the cardinal rides the wheel as he takes his bath. While it is good for his health, it would be immodest to take it in public. He could not better condemn the immorality of the wheel than advising it to be used in secret. Therefore we must come to the conclusion that the cardinal is shocked to see one of his female parishioners in high life on a wheel a dusty day, when the wind is blowing her short skirt a little too high for modesty; though the cardinal might say, “If the ladies may do that, why should the men be ashamed? The men can afford to look at a woman whenever she chooses to expose herself.”

Mrs. Cyclist: “It is said, ‘There be many servants nowadays that break away from their masters.’ ”

“Mrs. Cyclist, as you have already said that ladies may ride the wheel, but that you did not consider it ladylike, would you permit me to give you a short treatise on morality?”

“Certainly, sir. I always wish to hear the truth.”

Devil: “Well, we read in the Bible the first injunction for modesty, when Adam and Eve found themselves naked. It was suggested by both at the same time that they should cover the parts of their bodies which should not be exposed to their constant view. The principle of modesty was taught by the Jews, and was held in the highest estimation of all the virtues. Moses taught it in his divine law, and as God spoke by the mouth of Moses, we must consider it a divine injunction. This cardinal principle, which had the effect of preserving the primitive man and woman, and lifting them above the animal creation, is no less potent today than in the time of Moses. It is a natural law imprinted upon our minds by our special creation. The animals do not regard this law. Why? Because it was never given to them. They have no intelligence to discriminate between modesty and immodesty. The animal carries out its immodest life in his every day exercises, but his natural habits do not shock the nerves of the most fastidious. In our day have we

not departed from the line of pure modesty? Which sex is to blame for this departure? The woman says the man. The man says the woman. We say both. Acts that are considered by both as perfectly legitimate modesty in this day would have been horrifying forty years ago. What law is it that preserves mankind pure, if it is not the law of modesty? The violation of this law has degraded man and woman to their present backward step in morals and manners of the present age. The purity of society as well as the individual depends upon keeping this divine law. What has given rise to the nude woman upon the stage? Violated modesty. What has given rise to the thin gossamer dress of the athlete? Violated modesty. What gave rise to the infamous exhibition at the World's Fair, in which man and woman participated with a gusto? Immodest acts. What position is the woman assuming today that would have been considered immodest in the last two decades? The nude state upon the stage and the immodest posture upon the bicycle. Should the law of modesty be violated, though it be endorsed by a portion of those who can

not see an impure act because they do not wish to see it?

“Madam, from what I have seen, heard and read of your craze, the bicycle, I have come to the conclusion that it is a disease by no means confined to youth, as with whooping cough to children, but successfully attacks those of riper years, whose common sense and common morals are supposed to be proof against assault.

“An age has the same poetic pleasure in recalling its early days as a man has in recalling his youth. We are now attempting to bring back the Olympian games—re-birth by bicycle. This advance in sport is simply ‘a sailing back against the current of time, as it were, to reunite the cut cables of history.’

“Mrs. Cyclist, I would like to ask you another question.”

“Proceed, sir.”

“Do you think when a young lady is sitting on the bicycle astride that she is a silk robed beauty?”

“No, sir; by no means. She is a commoner.”

“Mr. Cyclist, as this has been a desultory conversation, may I not call your attention to the injurious effects upon the heart of riding the bike with the mouth open. Does it not indicate that the heart and lungs have been subjected to undue strain?”

“Mr. Devil, I perceive you are a physiologist. I suppose you are correct, but as I told you at first, I was a common sense man and have no experience in that direction, as I never ride fast, and never with my mouth open to catch the dust of a filthy street.”

Devil: “Now, Mr. Cyclist, I would ask you what relation man bears to his fellowman? Is it not fraternalism? What does fraternalism mean? Does it not mean a duty paramount to all others to embody the principles of equity and strict equality between the different ages to make provision whereby one does not receive an undue advantage over his fellows?

“This is fraternalism in an elevated form. If we ignore these features, if we go along temporizing with the present only, the future has terrors in store for us, and those we mislead will be a constant reproach to us for not having performed our full duty.

“Now, Mr. Cyclist, don’t you think the bicycle has terrors in future for you Americans?”

“It would seem so, really, Mr. Devil.

“Mr. Devil, as this will be the last interview we live people will ever have with a live devil, I wish to ask you some more questiens. What do you think about ministers riding the wheel?”

Devil: “I think they had better be climbing up on Jacob’s ladder; it will give them sufficient exercise. And as it is said to be a long ladder, reaching beyond the sun (ninety-five millions of miles), it would take them their natural life to get on the first round, though they went at the speed of the bike.

“Now, Mr. Cyclist, I wish to ask you some hard questions. Haven’t you some medical experts who give testimony concerning insanity?”

“Yes, sir. They are men who have a technical knowledge of psychology, who are twisted and shaped by the shrewd, cunning lawyer. They always lean to the side of their legal friend, if he is on the side of the defense and the client has a long purse. He can use

the word 'monomaniac,' although this term has been discarded long ago by honest investigators of diseased actions of the brain."

A case has recently come up in one of the English courts of a Mrs. Castle, who was arrested as a shop lifter. The expert tried to prove that she was a kleptomaniac, but this did not win before an English court.

Query: Wouldn't it have won before an American court, since it had one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to back it? Has there ever been a case of any kind that this amount would not have saved the neck or the reputation of a criminal or a felon? We ask for the records. If my information is correct, you will find all the rich that steal are kleptomaniacs, and all the poor are thieves, though it be a poor man who cannot find honest labor and steals a cabbage head to take to his miserable hut to feed his starving orphan children. This shows the power of money, which can be used for evil as well as good. To show you that money is power, we will give an instance of a rich murderer in New Orleans who killed a poor honest man in a drunken fit. 'Tis this:

Felix Grundy, the great criminal lawyer of Tennessee, was employed by this rich man to defend him. There was but one witness to the crime, and he a poor dray driver. Grundy went to New Orleans to see this man. He dressed himself in old ragged clothes, and put on his head a long haired wig, then a slouch hat, and with an old stick in his hand, personifying an old farmer, proceeded to find the drayman. Finding him upon Canal street driving his dray with a heavy load, he called to him to stop, when he commenced questioning him about the murder. The man said he had no time to talk about the matter, as he was in a hurry to deliver his load, but if he would come to his house that night (giving him the street and description of the house, as houses were not numbered in that day) he would tell him all about it. Grundy kept his eye upon the man all day, so that he could see who talked to him and hear what they said. He did not register his name or put up at the St. Charles, but took his dinner at one of those cheap eating houses in the suburbs of the city, close to where the man could see him. Night came on, and after the man had unharnessed his

horse and put him in the stable and fed him, he went to the well and, drawing some fresh water, proceeded to wash his hands and face. Thus cleansed, he walked to his dining room, which was in the kitchen, and partook of a supper prepared and spread for him by his old fashioned housewife. Grundy saw all this. While honesty was revolving in the man's brain, perhaps thinking of he who had so ruthlessly accosted him in the morning and to conjecture what it all meant, Grundy was cogitating in his own mind how he should proceed to steal information from him to clear his client. After supper the man drew up a stool by his lazy fire, and after giving one or two yawns and a grunt, settled himself, when in walked Grundy. He made a rude bow and extended his hand for a shake. The driver seized his paw, and with a "come in" and "sit down," asked him if he was the man he saw in the morning.

He replied, "I am," and commenced his story.

"Did you see Mr. —— when he killed that poor man on Canal street?" queried Grundy.

“Yes, sir. I was the only one who saw him. They had me before the court, and I told all about it, and they sent him to jail to stay until he should be tried for his life; and if his neck don’t break I don’t know the reason why.”

Grundy said: “I am an old man, as you see, poor, and have only five dollars to my name. I am a close kinsman of that poor honest John, as you call him. I know you are like myself, poor, and have to work hard for your living. Now, I will give you this five dollars if you will be sure to go to court and testify what you have told me.”

“No, I don’t want to take your money, for I shall tell just what I have told you.”

“But,” said Grundy, “for fear you might forget something you have said, if you will tell it over so I can write it down—though I am no scholar, I can write so we can read it—and for this I will give you the five dollars.”

The man consented, and Grundy wrote.

The evidence all goes to prove the man guilty of the foulest murder.

He got his signature to the evidence and an acknowledgement of the sum paid. After exchanging a few words, and with tears in his

eyes—for you know a criminal lawyer has two tear sacks in his eyes—he left the premises. He went to the St. Charles, took a bath, dressed himself in his fine lawyer's clothes, took off his wig and his false whiskers, and went to the barber shop and had a shave. He strutted about town with his gold headed cane for a few days, waiting for court to open. The day arrived, and Grundy made his appearance, but as much disguised to the fellow as when in his hut, for the man did not know him. After the preliminaries of the court were over, the case was called. Grundy answered for the defense. He sat on the inside of the bar, which at that time was a rough plank stand, closed in by rough palings. He looked demure, sad—perhaps thinking over his rascality. The man's name was called, and he took the oath that he would tell the truth and nothing but the truth, so help him, God. He told nothing but the truth. The spectators and relatives sat with long faces and downcast heads, thinking there was no earthly chance for the murderer, as there was no one else to testify. Every word was conclusive of his guilt. They had given it up, when Grundy arose,

and with that grave, fierce like eye, which one always has to assume when he knows he is engaged in a mean rascally trick, commenced by saying he would like to ask the witness a question, and, addressing himself to the judge, said, "And only one."

He read the testimony, which was verbatim what the man had told him. Turning to the man he asked him if he had not given the testimony as it was written.

He replied: "Yes."

Then he showed him his signature, and asked if it was not his, to which he replied in the affirmative.

Turning to the judge, he said: "Please your honor, you see this man was paid to make this statement," which was all a base fabrication and amounted to nothing, "and I claim for my client a release, for there is no evidence as you all see against him."

The case was given to the jury with the court's instructions. They were out but a few minutes, and returned a verdict of not guilty. Whereupon a shout went up from his friends and relatives more vociferous if possible than that of the crowd when Barabbas, the thief

and murderer, was released by Pilate. But did the guilty murderer ever have the remorse of conscience Marie Corelli says Barabbas had? Possibly he did, and, like Barabbas, confessed his sin and received pardon.

Query: Are the judges and lawyers in this advanced civilization and Christianity more religious and just than they were fifty years ago? Are they doing judgment and justice? Are they not taking the gold for the blood of the martyr?

If there had been one of our medical experts in those days who could have made a drunken murderer a "dipsomaniac," would it have cost the man ten thousand dollars to have been cleared? Couldn't the lawyer have given the expert one thousand dollars and placed the crime upon his shoulders? This can all be done in the present day, why not in the past?

Another species of insanity the legal profession is using the medical experts for, "monomania," although discarded as before mentioned, is still being insisted upon by men of legal acumen. It means go crazy on anything you wish when you want to commit a crime.

A case not long ago appeared upon the records of a certain court where a man killed another. Though he shot him down in hot blood, the cause perhaps being justifiable ; yet, while the cause was sufficient to save his neck, it was not deemed sufficient to save him from a long term in the penitentiary. No plea could be offered to save him from this imprisonment but that of insanity. This his lawyers told him to plead. As the man had never given any evidence of insanity, and no one who knew him could point to a single instance of even aberration, yet upon trial this man was proven by a medical expert to be a monomaniac, and was cleared. He has never shown any symptoms of insanity since, but on the contrary is a shrewd business man. He was rich and influential. This was taken from a medical journal, advising the profession not to be used in such a scandalous manner.

“Mr. Devil, this is no fad ; it is a scientific absurdity. If it were a fad we would be pleased to have a good sound kicker, who will show his teeth when fad after fad comes up and goes down, as we hope the bicycle fad with others will do.”

"Mr. Cyclist, are there no fads in the profession of medicine?"

"Yes, sir. In a former part of this book many were mentioned; many more could be, had we time."

"Now, Mr. Cyclist, I wish to send an address to your women in America.

#### ADDRESS.

"When God drove Adam out of Paradise and put him in the world outside of the Garden of Eden, he wrote in letters of fire on his forehead these words: 'In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread.' He did not write anything on pretty Miss Eve's forehead. Her work was not to involve much labor. The garden was filled with all the tropical fruits—apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, oranges, grapes and every other fruit known to man, and every vegetable that grew out of the earth; for remember, all our seed came from this garden.

"There was a tree in this garden called the bread tree. The outer part of this tree Adam could take off by the sweat of his brow and eat the tender fiber. He gathered all the fruit

and brought it to the tent, so Eve had nothing to do but to place the fruit and bread upon the table and sew her fig leaves. Sewing was her first occupation, and all the young Eves should have kept it up.

“This fruit was perennial, for there was no snow to fall on the ground. The temperature ranged but two degrees above temperate, so he had no wood to get or fires to kindle. Now, you see Adam did not have much to do, and therefore sweat but little. As Eve did not have much work to do outside of her tent, she was not fatigued enough to sweat. Therefore, God did not write those lines upon her forehead.

“Now, as time came on down, and seeing the sleek, fat little lambs skipping about, it made Adam’s mouth water, and he concluded to kill a kid; but he had nothing to kill it with, so he took some loose iron, pounded it together and made a knife. Now, he was to slay the beast, but not let Eve know it, for fear of shocking her nervous system and throwing her into spasms. So he drove the kid into a thick bush which caught it by the horns, and he cut its throat. This was the first time blood

was spilled in the Garden of Eden. This was long before Cain killed his brother Abel. Perhaps if Adam had not made that first knife, Abel would not have been killed, and we would not have had our knives, nor our bowie knives, which we slay men with.

“Now, back to this kid. Adam killed it and dressed the meat, and gave it to Eve to cook; but she had no vessel to cook it in, so she cut it in pieces with Adam’s knife and placed on the fire. This was the first time she sweat, and the Eves have been sweating over the fire ever since, and sewing not fig leaves, but cotton and wool fiber. This improvement went on for some time, when it occurred to Adam that Eve should have some sort of vessel to fry the kid in; and as the garden was made of the purest clay, he bethought himself to make a mold, one out of wood, and place some wet clay in it, then to break the wood and put the clay into the sun to harden. In this way the first skillet was made. When he brought it to Eve she was much pleased, and laughed to think she could fry the meat without burning her hands.

“Now, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel sat down at the table to enjoy the rich repast Eve had provided. But before eating, Adam asked a blessing and thanked God for giving him such a wonderful inventive genius. This was the first blessing that was ever asked.

“Now Adam found his work increased, and he had to sweat more. As Adam had made a knife and a skillet, Eve thought he could make something with which to spin thread that would be stouter than the vegetable fiber she was using, so she put at Adam to make her a spinning wheel. Adam worked at this for some time before he brought it to perfection. The wheel perfected, fiber must be provided. As there was a cottonwood tree in the garden that was constantly throwing off long flakes of cotton wool, he went out and gathered some of it and brought it to Eve. She put some of it on the wheel and commenced turning it. The thread spun on the wheel was rather coarse, but a great improvement on the fig stems. Adam worked on his invention until he made a spindle. Now Eve was satisfied. She had a spinning wheel. And this ought never to have been taken away from her great

grandchildren. Eve was happy. And as she drew out the thread and paced up to the spindle, she would sing one of those rural songs so sweet and clear and full of melody. Eve found her duties multiplied, for she had the tent to sweep, which she did with some dry grass found in the corner of the garden.

“They were without a table, for they sat on the ground to eat their meals, as the Chinese do to this day. But Adam, full of ingenuity, made a bench. It was rough at first, but answered the purpose very well. The skillet was set on this bench by Eve, and all the family dipped their fingers in and extracted the meat which they ate with the bread tree fiber.

“In this time Adam’s family had increased considerably, and the children wore out the fig leaf clothing too fast, so Adam invented the loom. This pleased Eve better than anything he had made. She now had the skillet, spinning wheel and the loom. She was so much pleased that she hardly had time to sit on the bench.

“It occurred to Adam about this time that a vessel should be made to heat water, as the

skillet could not be cleansed with cold water. Therefore he made a kettle. It had no top and was open mouthed. This fine clay was again resorted to, for be it remembered that this clay became harder by heat. The pot or kettle completed, the water put in, the heat applied the water boiled, and the skillet was washed and thoroughly cleansed."

May the doctors not have caught this idea from Adam, as they advise hot water for the destruction of contagious germs?

"As Eve was eating an apple one day, she let it fall into this boiling water, and on taking it out found it tasted much better than when raw, so she thought she would astonish and please Adam by making some dumplings for his dinner. She got some of the sweetest bark of the bread tree and wrapped it around the apple and placed it in the pot. It cooked nicely, and she tasted it and found it nice. She said, 'Adam and the children will enjoy this I know,' and she was happy. She found she could make many uses of this pot. It would boil the cabbage, turnips, beans and all other vegetables and fruits that were improved by cooking. Eve thought her household affairs

were complete, and she rejoiced at her advancement in culinary knowledge, and suggested many other improvements Adam could perfect that would make housekeeping both agreeable and useful.

“As the forest began to give way by the dying of the trees and the clearing up of the land, the air commenced getting colder and the children’s feet were likely to get frost bitten, so Adam betook himself to thinking again. And it occurred to him to take the skin of the kid and make a pair of moccasins for the oldest boy, who had to go with him in the cold, thinking more of the comfort of the boy than he had thought of himself.”

Different in our day, for we think more of our own comfort than that of our children. This was the first shoe that was made, and all the Adamites have been making them ever since. But the question is, Have they improved either on the comfort or utility of Adam’s first shoe? Isn’t the Indian moccasin the most comfortable shoe that is worn, and, trimmed with the beads, is the most beautiful? No man or woman wearing these will have corns on his or

her feet. No last is required to make these shoes. They were made to fit the foot, not the foot to fit the shoe. Here we have the first shoemaker.

“Eve put the girls to spinning, as the family had increased so fast she could not do the spinning and weaving for all. The girls learned to spin, and took as much delight in the exercise as did their mother, learning her tunes and catching her step.”

There never has been a yard of cloth made since Eve wove the first yard with which so much pains was taken to make it durable and comfortable. I have no doubt but we have weakened in this respect. For, like the copies set by our old teachers, the closer we kept our eye on the copy, the better we wrote; the further we got from it, taking our eye off, the worse we wrote. So it is that every copy set by nature is the best. We must go to her to get our knowledge. And as an illustration of this fact, has not Dr. Petrie shown in his investigations that before the art of writing was invented the human mind was stronger, and the products brought forward superior to anything in our age? May not this

be because it was all done by hand labor, when head, heart and hand were educated *pari passu*? Too much machinery makes idlers, too many idlers make paupers, too many paupers make tramps, too many tramps make penitentiaries and gallows. I agree with Dr. Petrie that the average mind has been weakened by our higher education, for where memory is weakened there can be no advance. Surely, man's mind is weakened by trying to study out the practicability of the many strange theories advanced at the present day. But to return to Eve.

"As Adam had invented a chemical that would take the hair off the kid's hide and thereby improve the appearance of the slipper—for before this the hair was turned on the inside of the shoe—it became necessary for the children to have socks and stockings to keep their feet warm. Intuitively she asked Adam to invent something that she could use the threads with, so he invented the knitting needle. Eve then went to work knitting socks for the men and boys. Here the women had a useful employment, which could be done in-

doors and of long winter evenings. It was easy work.

“Now, as Eve had to take the clothes at a distance to a running stream to wash them, she thought something could be made to lessen this labor, so she got after Adam again. Adam, taking the pot for his guide as it held water, made a vessel out of wood that he called a tub. Now Eve was set up. She could wash the clothes at the house and under the shade of a tree, and the boys could bring the water from the brook. She taught the girls to wash the clothes and hang them in the sun to dry.

“As the clothes were rough and did not look well, she put at Adam again. She had tried to smooth them with her hands, but they were too light to take out the wrinkles. Adam brought the iron ore together and melted it, and made a heavy square piece with unpolished face and a rude handle. Now Eve was pleased again, and when he presented it to her she cried, ‘My lord, thou art wise, for thou hast considered the hard labor of my hands!’ and gave him a kiss.”

Now, the cooking, spinning, sewing, weaving and washing were done by the women, and they were contented and satisfied until the nineteenth century. Man now became avaricious, and loves gold more than he loves woman. Seeing the products of her honest labor brought more money than his honest hard work, he beset himself to stealing her work to enrich himself. While she is cooking, he steals her knitting and, carrying out Adam's ingenuity, invents a knitting machine—one of woman's avocations gone. He enriches himself, but makes her poor. While she is cooking on her open fireplace, he invents a stove, telling her it is to save her labor, at the same time knowing that it is to make him money. If it has reduced her labor, it has taken it away from the poor woman who never expected to get beyond the fireplace, and placed in the hands of those who will do their own cooking to save money. Adam has stolen half of her occupation.

Query: Does the food cooked on the stove taste better, or is it more digestible than that cooked on the open fireplace by our old Virginia cooks?

A lady from the east visited this old state in search of health, and gave it as her opinion that there was no comparison between the stove cooking and the old skillet and oven on the open fireplace, and wondered why the stove should ever have been invented. The reason for this superior taste of food cooked in the old style could be given on philosophical principles, but we haven't time. The chief reason is that we wish to do everything too fast. We want to live as much in a day as we ought in a year.

The knitting and cooking gone and man enriched, what is his next steal? Invent a loom which shall be run by steam, and a spinning jenny to spin the thread—two occupations gone at one whack. Now all of woman's honest occupation is gone—nothing left to her but the patching. And for this he applied to the patent office, but the good officer refused to give it him, stating that man had stolen everything from woman but the patching, and he would not allow our old grandmas to be robbed of the only thing they had to make a living out of. Where is the woman to go to get honest employment? Machinery has taken from

her every employment suitable to her physiological makeup, and sent her adrift upon the world to starve, beg or steal, or, what is worse, to put a commercial value on her person and sell it as goods and chattel. The wicked tradesman will pay much more for her destruction than he will for a pair of socks knitted by her own fingers.

What is the duty of the woman today? To try and get back the stolen goods, keep in her own line of duty and make man keep in his. Then we will hear of less prostitution, fewer beggars and fewer divorces; more of that God born independence in woman, and much more respect and love for her by man.

We have given the women plain, common sense talk. Will they listen? Will they, or will they prefer to follow the fads and fashions of the day, and let down their womanhood still below its present standard?

“Now, Mr. Cyclist, I will ask you a farewell question. As you have now an idea of what physical death means, as you know when a man dies he is shut out from all light, and sensation is at an end, what do you suppose

he would be thinking about while in the act of dying?"

"Well, sir, I suppose I had the same feeling that the dying man has, and I can tell you what feeling that was by quoting the last words of that great and good man, Dr. McCosh. They rushed upon my mind when darkness overtook me. These are the lines:

"Farewell, hill and dale, mountain and valley, river and brook, lake and outflow, forest and shady dell, sun and moon, earth and sky! Welcome what unmeasurably exceeds all those—heaven with its glory! heaven with its angels, that excel in strength! heaven with the spirits of just men made perfect! heaven with Jesus Himself, so full of tenderness! heaven with the Father, Son and Holy Ghost!"

"This is what I hope to say when that physical death overtakes us. Goodbye, Mr. Devil; you have learned me many things of the hereafter, and I hope we have learned you many things going on in the present."

"Goodbye."

They leave. The cyclists return to the surface of the earth, and the devil returns to hell.

What is the conclusion of this allegory? It is this, summed up in a nutshell:

“The pillars of the earth are the Lord’s, and He hath set the earth upon them,” and that man will not find them, for he cannot get near enough to them to discover them. We have as much information about the center of the earth as we have of the north pole, and we hope our French philosopher will be satisfied with our imaginary tunnel to the center of the earth, and not put the civilized governments to so much expense to discover the unknown, as they have been to discover that which their false philosophy taught them could be known.



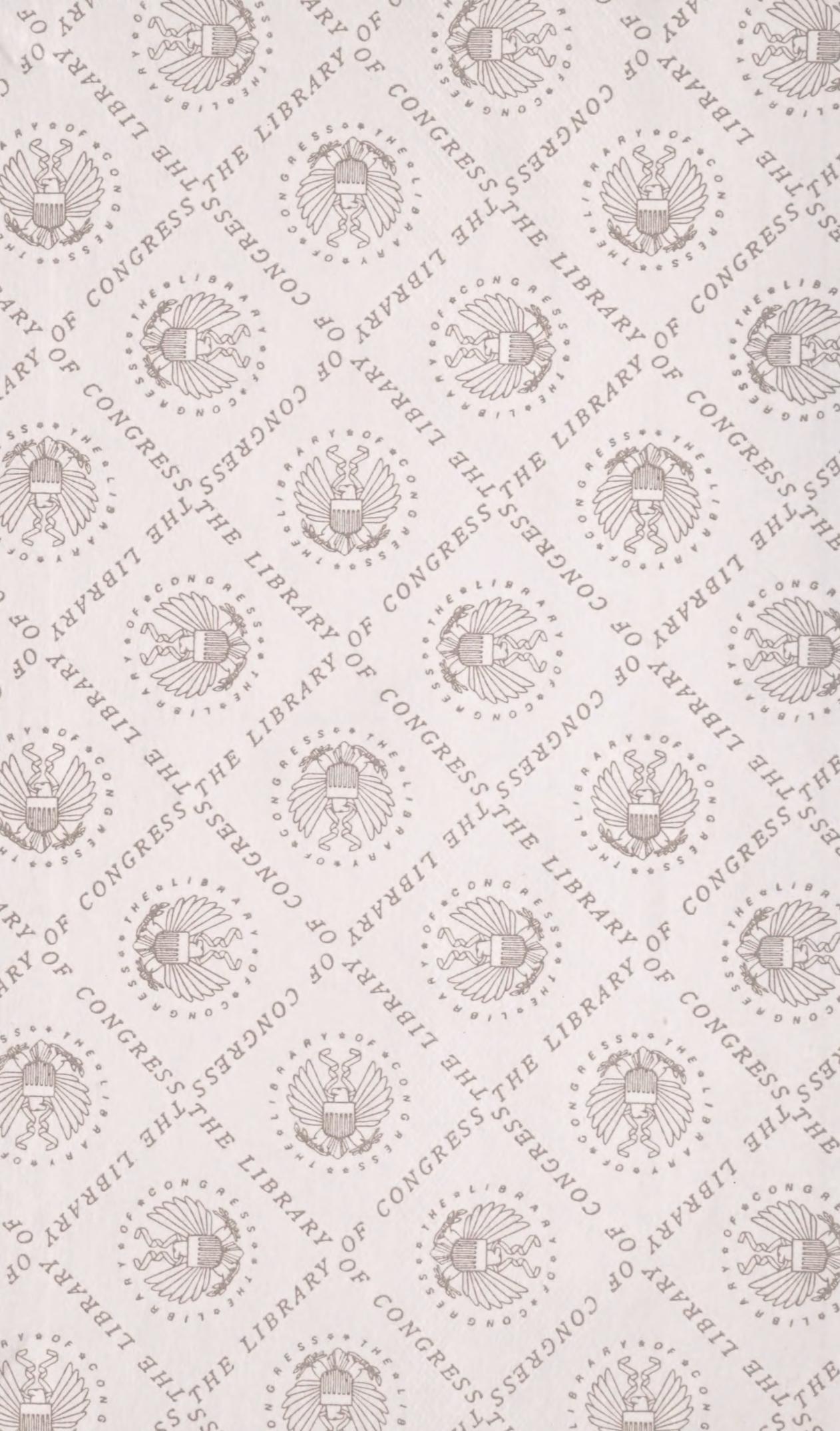


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